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CRAZY--THE KID

OR

THE COWBOY SCOUT

Author
J. C. HARMON



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To anyone who reads this book and is not satisfied that they have received their money's worth I will refund the purchase price, upon my receipt of book, at the American Savings Bank, Sioux City, Iowa. — The Author.

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CRAZY---THE KID

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THE COWBOY SCOUT

I was born on April 23, 1848, in Marion County, Indiana, in a one-room log house on White River, about six miles from what is now Indianapolis. At the age of thirteen I was a boy of great skill and as bad as any boy could be. At this time the Civil War was at a high stage. My father, Richard M. Harmon, enlisted in Company B, 1st Missouri Cavalry, and of course he left home and I thought it was wrong that he should leave. I was the only boy large enough to work and the only child living by his first wife, there being two boys and two girls by his second wife, but they were all too small to be of any help on the farm. I had a very good step-mother, but still thought I was ill treated. My dear reader, do you know that this world is full of foolish boys and girls who don't know when they have a good home or cannot stand good treatment or appreciate any kindness? I was one of that kind of boys. Every boy must sow his wild oats and I sowed mine. In the spring of 1861 father left me at home to plow and plant corn. In our neighborhood there were a lot of negroes who would work for 10c a night, working all night by the moonlight. I had a leather belt which I prized very highly. I was acquainted with all the negroes, and having the corn stalks to cut, I thought I would if possible hire a negro to work by night. So I went to one of my neighbor's, a negro named Aleck, and according to the agreement we made he went to work at 10 o'clock that night. So I went to bed contented, thinking I would get my

work done without exerting myself, and I lay in bed having sweet dreams while my negro was hard at work cutting corn stalks. There came to my mind that there were a lot of bush-whackers at this time in Missouri and it was not safe for a Yankee to be seen unless there were four or five hundred in a squad. So on this occasion when horror had struck me my father had got permission from his colonel, McFeron of Gallatin, Davis Co., Mo., to come home and make his family his last final visit. And then and there what did I hear father call out to mother but: "Emily Jane, who is over in the field cutting stalks?" "Why, it is Jake's nigger."

So father said in a very harsh tone: "Jacob!" Of course Jacob was very sleepy and hard to waken. At last he was wide awake and ready to receive further orders. To Jacob's surprise he got it in the neck. "Jacob, you go over in the field and tell Aleck to come to the house."

I knew that was general orders so away I went, not fully understanding the situation. On my return with Aleck we entered the house and father bade Aleck good evening and told me to get my friend a chair, which I did, and bade me take his hat, which I also did, and then I thought I was done waiting on the black gentleman. But what comes next was a terror to snakes.

Father said: "Jacob, you go to the cupboard and get some cold grub and set it on the table for your friend." And after I had spread everything in apple-pie order, father says: "Sit down there, Jacob, and wait on Aleck."

Of course it was not the fashion in those days to wait on any colored person. It was the custom for slave holders to curse and maul and beat them if they did not perform so much labor each day, and hardly allow them to have the Sabbath day on which to rest. Of course they were allowed to go 'coon or 'possum hunting when their day's work was done. You may talk about your good times and your hard times, but the poor Indians had the hardest time of all. Well, I tell you I have lived many years among Indians and among negroes, particularly the Indians, of which I will tell you later on.

But as to my negro Aleck. When supper was ended father told me to fix the bed, and when I asked him in which room, he

said in reply: "Have Aleck sleep in your room and in your bed and you sleep with him, Jacob." I said I wished just then my name was not Jacob. Just before daylight father left for his regiment and Aleck went home and I was not sorry that they both were gone. I became a good boy for a short time and went to work and did the plowing and my step-grandfather helped me plant my corn. We furrowed out the ground with one horse and a single shovel plow and my oldest half-brother and one sister dropped the corn by hand and I covered it with a hoe. I was two long weeks at the thirty acres. You may think it was easy, but you just mention dropping and covering by hand nowadays and you will see somebody faint or you will hear some very harsh words.

After planting time I had quite a rest till plowing time, when my troubles began. Of course the corn had to be plowed and I was not the only one that couldn't plow corn. It was my first experience in that line for when father farmed he had two hired hands. Both of them were now gone. One of them, Charlie Howry, had enlisted in the 23rd Missouri regiment and the other one, Labe Winset, had gone home to Iowa. Well, at last I went to plowing corn with one horse, old Pussy, and I did pretty well for a beginner, sometimes in and sometimes out of the row.

All at once I changed my mind and thought I would like to be a soldier. I had so often seen the Union soldiers with their big brass buttons. I thought if I could only wear such clothes I would be bigger than the president of the United States, but I would not have as much money, for just at that time our president, old Buchanan, had all the money in the United States treasury and he and Uncle Jeff were partners. But nevertheless one day as I was plowing corn I drew old Pussy down into one corner of the field and took myself over the yard gate and said to mother and the children, "Good-bye," and started southward toward the St. Joe & Hannibal Railroad. Clad in an old pair of jean pants and a linsey shirt and an old black hat and barefooted I set off. On bidding my folks goodbye my step-mother remarked: "You had better come back here, Jacob, or Milton will give you a good whipping when he comes home." "I can't help it, mother; I am gone; good-bye."

I went and on striking the railroad the first train that came along was going to St. Joe, Mo. and not knowing about having to pay my fare, I jumped on. The train pulled out and just as I was very comfortably seated, here comes a man with big brass buttons on his coat and gilded letters on his hat which read "Conductor." He, of course, asked me for a ticket. I said I had none. "Who told you I had a ticket? I don't steal. Pap learned me to be honest and not steal." "My boy, where are you going?" "Well sir, I don't know, but Pap taught me to mind good people." "Well boy, where are you from and where do you live when you're at home?" "Well, I live on Little Muddy, close to Grand River. Do you know where old Dave Groomer's mill is on Grand River, just above Gallatin and just below Patton's Bird, over where the big men go every Saturday to fight?" "Well, here boy, haven't you any money?" "With the last ten cents I had I bought a strand of beads for Betty Stout. That's one of old Black John Stout's girls. I tell you she was a good gal. She danced with me when none of the rest of the girls would, just because I was barefooted." "Say, my boy, where do you want to go?" "Well, sir, I want to go and be a soldier," and just then the engine toot-tooted and the cars stopped and not knowing what that meant, I sat still. In five minutes the cars were under way again. Say, I thought I was as near the holy land as I ever was in my life. But just as I was thinking I was happy here comes the man with the big shiny buttons on his coat and he stopped at the end of the seat that I was sitting in and said: "Well, lad, when we get to the next station you get off. It is St. Joe."

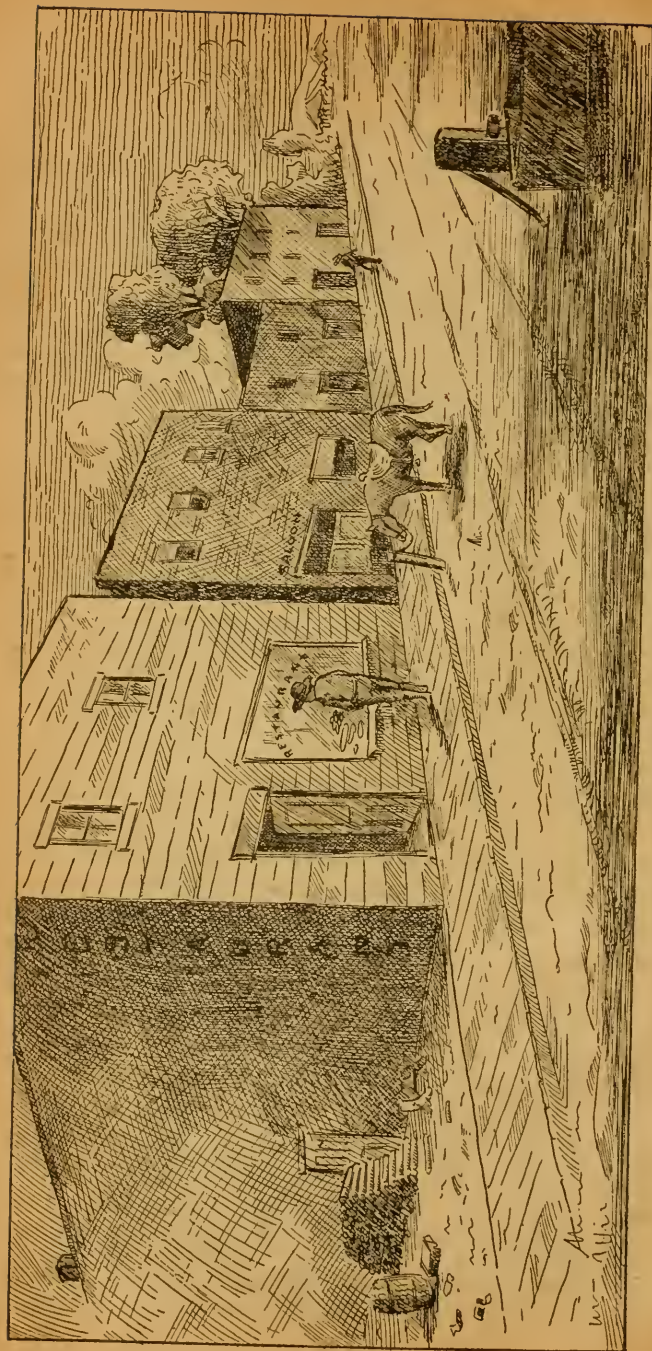
It was four o'clock in the morning when we arrived there and me without money, barefooted, and nothing to eat and had had nothing to eat since the day before at noon. I was a little lonely, too. I did not know what to do, when along comes a girl on the railroad track. I started to walk too then, and at noon landed in Atchison, a little town in Kansas just across the Missouri River. After sauntering around awhile I saw to my surprise a great, big frame house going across the river to Winthrop and when I looked close there was a big house with a fence around it and they had teams and men on the doggone thing. When it came back I saw them tear out one side of the fence and the teams drove off and more teams drove on and men, women and children

went on and I thought as there was no danger I would venture on board the floating house.

The bell went dong, dong, and the first thing I knew I was out in the middle of the river and just as I was enjoying myself a gentleman stepped up and said: "Here lad, I want ten cents for your fare on this boat." "Well, you bet your boots I don't have ten cents for with my last ten cents I bought Betty a strand of beads." "Lad, give me ten cents for crossing on this boat." "Well, sir, I don't have ten cents, but I will work for you and pay you." "No, you young rascal, that won't do." But just at this critical moment relief came. A well dressed gentleman stepped up and paid the ten cents and I was once more a free boy. Arriving in Atchison about 3 o'clock in the afternoon I felt a craving in my stomach, but how to get rid of that craving was a conundrum. It was coming supper time and as I was walking along the street I saw bread, pies, cakes and cookies in a restaurant window. In I went. The man behind the counter was a nice big, portly gentleman. I said: "I am hungry and I want a piece of bread and butter. I have no money but I will work and pay you." "Can you chop wood?" he asked. "Yes, sir, I can," I replied. "Will you chop the wood first?" "Yes." "Well, are you hungry?" "Yes, I have not had anything to eat since yesterday noon." "Well, you wait about fifteen minutes and supper will be ready."

When I got to the table I thought I could eat everything on the table. But soon my appetite was satisfied and supper being over I felt as though I could not stoop over. I went out into the front room and I was sitting there very well contented when all at once I heard a voice saying, "Lad, come out here and I will show you what wood I want cut." He took me out and showed me a pile of dry wood, a buck saw and an axe and I went to work and at dark I had quite a pile of wood cut up. The landlord then called me to come in and I was not long in obeying him, so in I went and you bet I had a good bed that night, and the next day I put in on the wood pile until just before supper when the landlord called out and said: "Come in, lad." And on entering there was a nice looking gentleman who asked me if I could drive oxen.

I answered: "Yes, Pap has one yoke of oxen at home, Buck and Charley—one is red and the other white. I cut down trees in



THE FIRST MEAL AFTER RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME.

the pasture and drag them up with Buck and Charley and if you have such oxen as they are I can drive them."

"Well, lad, I have all kinds, and you would have to drive six yoke to two wagons—do you think you could do that?" "Well, I don't know," I replied. "Where do you want me to drive them and what do I have to haul? Do I have to haul wood or do I have to plow?" "Oh, neither, you will have to drive them across the plains." "Yes, I see," I said. "Back and forth across some river or creek."

"Say, lad, were you ever away from home much?" "Yes, I have been to Pattonsburg lots of times, which is two miles and a quarter from our house." "How old are you, lad?" "Well, sir, I was thirteen just before corn planting time last spring." "What is your name?" "Why, Pap called me his 'trifling Jake.'" "Why does he call you that?" "Well, I was Pap's pet till Bill and Sally got pretty big and when we were going to school, in crossing a little creek on our way to school and back one evening we met some geese swimming in the creek. There were about twelve goslings and I got some sticks to throw at them and they would dive under the water. At last they got stubborn and I was determined to make them dive and so in throwing my clubs I broke three of their necks and when we got home Bill and Sally told on me and I expected a good mauling from father but instead he sent me the next morning to Mr. Kane, who owned the geese, to work and pay for them. The work which Mr. Kane gave me was to carry about twenty rails across a mud puddle and back and then sent me off to school."

After asking me a few more questions he gave me a job and took me out to camp. In three days we started loading and after loading we drove out about five miles and corraled. Then he took all the men and boys back to town and bought each a new outfit—boots, shoes, clothing—to last till we crossed the plains and returned. I thought he was the best man in the world. Everything was now ready to start across the plains.

On Monday morning we were ordered to drive in the bulls and once in the corral we began to yoke them up and the fun commenced. Every fellow for himself. You had to take your yoke on your left shoulder and with one bow in your right hand strike out among 1900 head of bulls to yoke up six yoke

of them. The bosses would show you your wheelers, that is the two that go on the tongue of your wagon and the next are your leaders, then come the swing yokes. You take out your wheelers and put them on your wagon tongue, then go and yoke up five more yoke and drive them out and hitch them ahead of your wheelers, then you are ready to pull out and you stand by your team until it comes your turn to pull and then your trouble commences. Then you are in for a half day's walk. Of course there were no bull whackers allowed to ride, not even on their own wagon tongue, you just had to walk.

Monday was our first experience in bull whacking and I wished for my part I had not undertaken the job. I was not in the habit of swearing, but I soon got into the habit. Of course I had lots of lessons in swearing, rehearsed by older whackers than myself, and on hearing these others I was not long graduating, being a dull Missourian.

We had dinner and on we went. Night came and we corraled our yoke and began getting supper. We were cut up into messes of from ten to fifteen in each mess and one out of each mess had to do the cooking and it was some cooking too, for there were none of them that knew how to cook. At last supper was ready and each whacker grabbed a tin cup and a tin plate and got a cup of coffee and grabbed some "bully" and slap-jacks and sneaked off to one side and sat down on the ground and went to eating.

Well, I was disgusted, and I thought if I was only back home I would stay there. But no, I was billed for Fort Laramie, Wyoming Territory, and in the morning after a good night's rest we were awakened at four o'clock. Of course that went against my pride. Breakfast over, in came the cattle or bulls. The bulls were in the corral. Orders came from Gabe Waid, he being the 1-8 boss, to yoke up.

Then the fun began. There wasn't ten men in the outfit that knew what bulls to yoke up. You just took a yoke and put it on your shoulder and turned yourself loose among nineteen hundred head of bulls.

It was a great mix-up. One bull would hit you with his horn and about that time another bull would kick you and you

wished to the good Lord that you had never been born, or at least that you had never run away from home.

Well, we were ready at last and began to pull out. When our outfit was all pulled out and ready to go we were strung along the road for a mile and a half from the time the head wagon started, and it would be one and a half hours before the hind wagon would pull out, and as soon as all were on the road the whooping, cursing and whipping commenced. I had a fine bull whip, the lash being eighteen feet long and the stalk two feet and when I would get mad and try to split a bull open with my whip I generally got it wound around myself. But I soon got used to it. Father never allowed me to swear at home. But I could not resist—the other words came too handy when you got mad. /

Hurrah! They are corraling now, and I will get to rest, and as soon as we were unyoked the cooks of mess said: "Whackers of mess, now get your gunny sacks and gather up some buffalo chips." I got a sack and started out with Whistling Dick. This Dick was my bunky. I strolled along, but did not know what buffalo chips were. But I saw what he was getting so I began to pick the same and we returned and built a fire and supper was soon ready and when ready the cook yelled out: "Grub pile!"

"Of course I sat still and the rest of the whackers jumped in and when I got there my rations were slim. But I remembered that yell "Grub pile," after that. Well, I did not have much of an appetite for such grub for the slap-jacks were colored with the ashes from the buffalo chips.

However hunger soon brought me to it and I quickly got so I could eat as much as any of them, ashes or no ashes.

At last we arrived on the Big Blue River, which flows through Nebraska state and from there we crossed the prairie to the South Platte River. We struck the South Platte at Old Doby Town, east of old St. Kearney, and when we got to the Platte we lay over one day and I thought that I was an old man, the time had been so long since I left home.

However, I had only been away from home one month. We got a good rest and started on our journey and the next thing of noticeable importance was Jack Marrow's ranch, which is lo-

cated south of the South Platte, and about four miles above where the North Platte River empties into the South Platte.

We will mention more that happened on these rivers in later years.

On we went. Well, I thought we were going clear out of the world. One afternoon a joyful sound came to my ears. I heard old Duff say: "Say, Gabe, where are you going to cross the Platte?" "Why, we will cross at Freemont's orchard." Say, that sounded good to me, for I had not had an apple since I left Atchison. So we arrived at Freemont's orchard and we crossed the river. We had to put eighteen yoke of bulls on one wagon to pull it across. There was sand and quicksand and the river was one mile across. But the water was awfully shallow. We were four days crossing and the second day Gabe was riding along and I asked him when we would get to Freemont's orchard." "Why, Jake, do you want some apples?" "Yes, Gabe, I do." "Well, did you see that island of cottonwood timber just about where we crossed the river?" "Yes, I saw that." "Well, that is Freemont's orchard."

I didn't eat any apples after all. After we left the river we went to what was known as the Ash Hollow Route.

Now, my dear reader, at the head of Ash Hollow was where Old General William Harney had his massacre in 1859 and we were over his battlefield two years after it happened and skeletons of Indians and white men and mules and horses lay all over the ground.

You can tell an Indian's skeleton from that of a white man from the fact that the bones of an Indian are dark brown and a white man's bone's are whiter. This massacre was near the east corner of Wyoming and east of Chimney Rock.

At last we arrived at Ft. Laramie, way out in Wyoming and the right man to receive our goods was not there. He was up to old Ft. Hallock and we had to wait one week before we could unload. At last we began unloading. Say, I was happy when we commenced unloading, for I thought as soon as we were done we would start back to the states. But to my surprise we were paid off right there and then there were only twenty men hired for the round trip and the rest were hired for the through trip.

So the next morning the boys who were hired for the round trip commenced coupling up the wagons and the next day they with all the teams and bosses started back. Well, about eighty-five whackers stayed at Laramie and there was nothing there, only soldiers, Indians and bull whackers, and there I was, left alone and knowing nobody, only the boss who had whacked across the plains with me.

Of course I had money and had my own bed—four pair of blankets. You could get a pretty rough meal for one dollar and you could take your blankets and make your bed inside of a doby shanty for fifty cents. Dick, my chum, stayed there about ten days and we got a chance to drive a caravan back to Omaha, Nebraska, for old Mart Scott, and when we got to Omaha Mart wanted me to go out across the plains again to Denver.

He wanted me to night herd. He said it would be easy on me. I could change ponies three or four times each night. "Well, Mart, what wages will you give me?" "I will give you seventy-five dollars a month." "Is Dick going back?" "Yes, but he will whack." "Well, it's a go. I will take the job." I didn't understand much about night herding, but I soon learned I had no snap. So we loaded up the wagons and started across the plains for Denver, Colorado Territory. We had Mart Scott as first boss, Harry Good as second boss and Bill Dupp third boss, and we went west through Nebraska. There were a few farms opened up and the bulls gave me some trouble, but for the first week Mart had one of the whackers to help me nights and after we got out of the farming country I had to go it alone. Well, this thing of staying up all night alone, with about 2100 head of bulls was no snap. I got along better than I expected, though. I had a bunch of ponies and as soon as one was played out I would catch another and so on until 4 o'clock in the morning. Then I would ride to the corral and wake up Gabe and he would holler "Turn out, whackers!" Then I would return to my bulls and begin driving them in, and once the bulls were in the corral I went to my bunk wagon and went to sleep and after I had been on the trail for about three weeks the bulls were tired at night and I put in more time in lying down and resting. I sought out one old bull that was gentle and I slipped off my pony and threw my blanket over his belly and sat down on the

ground and leaned up against him and slept for about one and a half hours. I generally slept until dinner was ready after they were yoked up and out on the trail.

At last we arrived at old Julesburg. Julesburg is where the cut-off is taken to Denver. By the cut-off it is only seventy miles and by river route it is ninety-five miles, so it was agreed to go the river route. We made the river route of ninety-five miles in twelve days. It was a time of the year when there were good roads and there was no sand to pull through, and for two days before we got to Julesburg I imagined I saw a great cloud in the west. So one evening I said to Mart, "I think, Mart, you had better let one of the whackers help me herd tonight, for I think we are going to have a big storm." "Why do you think so?" "Well, don't you see that big cloud rising in the west? It has been there for the last two evenings." "Yes, Jakey, that cloud has been there every since this world was made. That is the Rocky Mountains."

We arrived in Denver and unloaded one hundred wagons and sent them and the whackers down the Platte River about one hundred miles, and left all the whackers and bulls there, while we took forty wagons, loaded mostly with flour and whisky, bacon and tobacco and went from Denver to Golden Gate and there the boss had to pay one dollar a wagon to go up Gyn Hill. The boys that went down the river were paid off and laid around camp until we got back from Central City. It was nine miles up the mountains and one and a half down into the canyon where Central City, a mining town, was located. There was all kinds of machinery there. There were the stamp mills and smelters. The quartz is brought up out of a shaft about three hundred feet deep and hauled to the stamp mill, where it is crushed and the coarse gold washed out, then the fine quartz is thrown into the smelter and ground fine like corn meal, then the waste is thrown into the creek. For four or five miles down the creek there were Chinese huts and they were washing the waste over. Of course they made money, for they lived with what a white man would starve to death on.

While the boss was unloading I had nothing to do so I took in the sights. I went to where there was a shaft and on seeing big loads of quartz, or rock, brought up out of the shaft I was at

a wonderment as to how things worked down below, so I asked if I could go down, and the boss said, "There will be a fellow here pretty soon, and you can go down with him."

So when he came the boss said: "Jump on." And on I got and away we went down and on arriving at the bottom of the shaft I had no hat. But it came soon. There was a man standing there who attended to the loads, and there was a railroad track there and I thought it was a great place to have a track. But it was only a few minutes until a mule came along pulling a dumpy cart and the platform that I had come down on was transferred to another car, and the mule and the big hooks were fastened to the platform that was loaded, and away it went up the shaft. In any direction you would look you could see little lights. They were on the miners' caps. I asked the man if they took the mules out of there to feed them and he said "No." I asked: "How do you feed them?" "Over yonder, by that third light, there is the barn where we feed them." "How long have you had them down here?" "Only seven years." "Well, sir," I asked, "how can I get out of here?" "Why," he answered, you can go up on the next load."

Soon there came another mule with a cart load and you bet I was ready. "Say, lad, you get up on top and hold to those bars there over your head, and when you get up to the top the man up there will tell you how to get off." And away we went up, up and at last I was on top of the globe once more. When the load was at the top of the shaft it kept on going until I was about ten feet above the top. Just then a big trap door fell below me and a fellow drew in under the load and it was lowered onto his wagon. He drew up with me on the load and he asked me if I wanted to go down to the crusher and I asked him what a crusher was. He said it was where they crushed that rock to pieces and got the gold out of it, and I said if he didn't mind I would like to go with him. So down I went and I went inside where there were men with sledges, breaking the big rocks into small pieces and then shoveling them into the sluiceways, where the stamps came down on them and pulverized them. The quartz was washed out into a slough pan and there the gold was gathered by means of quicksilver. There were great chunks or particles of iron laying in the quartz. These were broken

up with the sledges, and I thought it was all gold. So I asked one of the men if I could have some of that gold and he said: "Take all you want." I filled both pockets and carried it for about three days and my legs were so sore I could hardly walk. One day as I was walking along Mart Scott asked me what was the matter with me. "You walk so funny." "Well, I tell you, Mart, you keep it to yourself. I have both pockets full of gold." "What gold? Where did you get it?" "I got it up in Central City." Mart then said, "Let me see some of your gold, Jakey."

So I pulled out a hand full and showed him and he laughed at me. "Why, Jakey, there is not two cents' worth of gold in both of your pockets."

Well, as soon as I was out of sight I emptied both pockets. I was intending to go back home a millionaire.

We went down on the Platte River where the rest of our bull outfit was and there Mart said to me: "Well, Jakey, I want you to stay here with the bulls and wagons this winter." "Say, Mart, how many of the boys are going to stay with me?" "None but you," he replied. "Well," I said, "I won't stay here by myself if you would give me the whole outfit." "Well, if you can get one of the boys to stay with you will you stay?" "Yes." "Pick out your man." I picked out the oldest man in the whole outfit, and he said, "Well, Jakey, I was thinking of going back to the state of Georgia to see Susanna and the children, but if Mart will give me as much wages as he is giving you I will stay." This man's name was Bill Skinner.

So Bill and I went over across the corral to where Mart was and I told Mart that Bill would stay with me if he would give him as much wages as I was getting. Mart said he would, so Bill told him he would stay. Mart had a good laugh and said, "Boy, you can have more fun here than you can in some big city."

Well, we found out how much fun there was in it before spring. Of course we had nothing to do only to ride around and hunt, cook and eat. Neither of us knew anything about cooking. The first meal was got, but there was very little eating done. Mart said: "Jakey, you boys had better yoke up a yoke of bulls

and take a trail wagon and pick up four or five loads of buffalo chips. You can go out beyond the main trail and you will find plenty of chips where the buffalo have been grazing."

Everything was very pleasant when all the whackers were there but in the morning when all of them pulled out we stood and watched them as far as we could see them. Well, if you ever saw two lonesome fellows, it was Bill and I. Of course we had everything that we could wish for, except company.

Mart said: "Jakey, if any Indians come to your camp, why, you and Bill feed them, don't spare the grub, for in that way you will make friends instead of enemies out of them." After the boys were out of sight Bill said: "God, but I wish I hadn't stayed. I would not have stayed anyway, but I like you. You little devil!" "Well, Bill," I said, "we are here and we will get along all right." "Yes, Jakey," he said, "but what will Susan say when she gets a letter that I won't be at home until next spring?" "Oh, forget it, Bill," I answered.

Things went well for two or three weeks. One evening Bill said: "Say, Jakey, hadn't we better go in the morning and look after our bulls?" "Yes," I said, "I think we had."

So in the morning while Bill got breakfast I got in some of the ponies and we saddled up and started north and went in that direction until we came to Clear Creek and we rode up the creek, five or six miles and saw what we supposed was all of Mart's bulls. "Well, Bill," I said, "hadn't we better start back to the outfit?" "Yes," he replied, "I think so. I am hungry now." It was about three o'clock, and like all other greenies we did not take a lunch along with us. So we struck out for camp and dark came on and we got lost. It was about ten o'clock when Bill said: "Jakey, I believe I will starve to death before sunrise." "Oh, Bill," I said, "when daylight comes we can kill an antelope." "Yes," he said, "but how are you going to cook it? I have no matches." About midnight we dismounted and unsaddled and tied our horses to the horns of our saddles and spread out our saddle blankets and lay down to sleep or wait for the coming of daylight or the approach of Bill's death. But daylight came and Bill had not died.

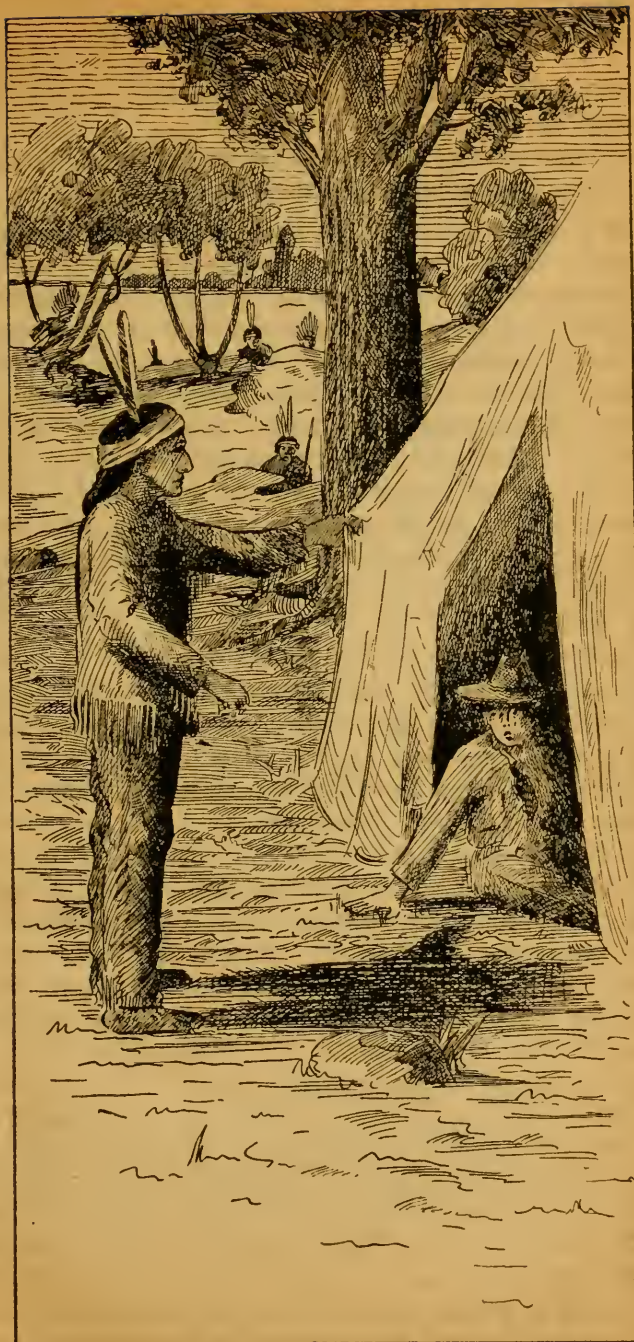
We then saddled up and started on our way and about ten o'clock that day we were on top of a high ridge. Off to our

left we saw a large valley and we struck out for it. When there we found it to be the Platte River and we struck the old Mormon trail and then we knew that we were below our outfit. We had never seen that country before.

So up the river we went and about two o'clock in the afternoon we saw our outfit. "Hurrah, Jakey! There is the outfit." Soon we arrived and Bill jumped up and went into the tent. He went and grabbed a slap-jack and a chunk of raw sow belly and began to eat. I laughed at him. "Say, Jakey," he said, "have you got sense enough to get hungry?" "Say, Jakey," he continued, "I wish Mart Scott and the whole outfit were in the devil and I were at home with Susann and the children in Georgia."

The reason why I chose this old man to stay with me was because he was like a parent to me and always treated me nicely. After Bill got filled up on slap-jack, sow belly and coffee he was in a good humor again and we had a long talk over our adventures as camp boys.

Things were going pretty well. But a few days after our trip as camp boys we were in our tent talking and enjoying ourselves when all at once a big buck Indian came in at the door of the tent and said: "How! How!" Bill screamed out: "Jakey," get your gun." "Say, Bill," I replied, "hold on, you know what Mart told us to do if any Indians should come to our outfit. He said: 'Feed them well.'" "All right," replied Bill, "You get him some grub and I will hold on to my gun and if he makes a crooked move I will get his heart," and just then another buck came in and they kept on coming until there were eleven of them. "Say, Jakey," exclaimed Bill, "the red devils will eat up all of our grub and we will starve before Mart gets back in the spring." "Say, Bill," I retorted, "you think too much of your stomach." The eleven Indians left us after staying three days and we hoped they never would return. A short time after the Indians had gone I was out looking around and taking things easy when, looking down the Platte valley, I saw what I thought were Indians. So I hurried to the tent and yelled "Bill Skinner, come out here. All the Indians in Colorado are coming," and Bill came and looked, and on close observation he said, "Why, Jakey, that is a Mormon train." Sure enough it was a Mormon train, and they corraled just between our outfit and the Platte



A VISIT FROM INDIANS TO CRAZY BULL CAMP.

River and as soon as they were corraled Bill and I went down to see them.

They were on their way to the Garden of Eden, that is, Great Salt Lake City, where old Brigham Young was.

I tell you, my reader, Bill and I were happy to see women folks, that is, to see somebody wearing dresses. They camped there for two days and while there we got about eight of the women folk to come up to our tent and cook us some bread. We had an old fashioned Dutch oven and they baked us up a lot of good bread. Oh, say, but we enjoyed ourselves with them. The third morning they pulled out and it was fun for us to watch them getting on the trail. One would have a span of horses and a wagon and the next team a yoke of cows and the next would be a young married couple pulling a two-wheeled cart with their belongings. Any way to get to Salt Lake to the Garden of Eden. Well, it was a sight. It was a big show to Bill and I. They had the true belief of Mormonism and they were willing to undertake the great task of crossing the plains.

"O, say, Bill," I said "the train of Mormons is out of sight." "Well," he answered, "I don't give a doggone, I wish I was back in Georgia with Susan and our two little brats—I wouldn't care, but I have about three hundred dollars that I wished she had. Say, Jakey, do you know how far it is down the river to old Howard Kempton's ranch?" "Why," I replied, "Mart said it was the nearest ranch and it was eight-five miles." "Well, don't you want to go down there and get us two gallons of good whisky," suggested Bill. "You can take that little two-gallon water jug that has a handle in the middle and go down tomorrow. You will get there in the night and you can lay over the next day and the next come home."

"Say," I replied, "can't we both go?"

"No," he answered, "you see if we both go and the Indians come to see us, why, the devil would be to pay." "Well," I said, "I will study it over and give you an answer this evening."

Later I said to Bill: "Well, all right, Bill, I will go just for your sake."

So in the morning at daybreak I saddled up and started to where I did not know. But I said to myself, "I will find that

ranch. Of course at that time of the year there would not be much doing around a ranch. There would probably be some thieves or gamblers laying around for the winter, waiting for the spring trail to open up. At about nine o'clock that night I arrived at the ranch. There was a corral and I put my pony in and then went to the ranch and when I entered the room I saw old Howard behind the bar and six thieves or gamblers sitting there half drunk. Each of them had one or two guns strapped round their waists and of all the cursing and swearing you ever heard it was there. I thought if I was back to the outfit I would stay there and if Bill wanted any whisky he could go and get it.

Pretty soon they began talking to me. "Say, you young spalpeen, what are you doing here? Have you stole a hoss from some bull outfit and making your getaway?"

Well, my liver came up into my throat and I couldn't make any reply. Of course I had two good guns on myself and would use them if forced to it.

Old Howard said: "Talk up to them—tell them that it is none of their business where you come from or where you are going. You stay by them. I will see you don't get hurt."

"All right, Howard," I replied. Continuing I said: "Say Howard, I would like a bite to eat," and he gave me some bacon, crackers, coffee, sugar and beans. I did full justice to the meal I had set before me.

"Say, feller," said one of the men, "what is your name, and what are you doing? Are you picking up lame bulls or are you with a bull outfit?" "Well," I retorted, "I can tell you if you have to know. I whacked from Atchison, Kansas, across to Ft. Laramie, up in Wyoming. I went out with Gabe Wade, then I night herded from Omaha to Denver and we unloaded part of the wagons in Denver and the rest we took up to Central City up in the mountains. Central City is a big mining camp. And now at the present time Bill Skinner and I are with Mart Scott's outfit of cattle and wagons, all except what the rest of the whackers took in to Omaha."

"What outfit did you say? You are with Mart Scott's? Well, I guess you are telling the truth, for we all know him. Say, Banjo Bill, let us boys have a game." "All right!" "Come on,

boys," and a deck of cards were produced and an old table hauled out into the middle of the bar room and when they had all taken their places around the round table one said: "What will we make the ante?" "Well, say four bits, that will be enough for a little social game." "All right, let 'er go." "Well, boys, what about whisky- for this little game?" "Let us buy one bottle all around, and if that ain't enough then we will chip in and buy some more." "Well, here Howard, is my two-fifty for the first bottle." and at it they went, and every once in a while they would say to me: "Here, you little spalpeen, come here and take a glass." So I obeyed orders until I was hardly able to obey them.

Everything was lovely until about two o'clock in the morning when things took a sudden change and such a sight I never saw. They pulled three guns and began shooting into the ceiling of the room, so I jumped behind the bar, then behind a barrel, then I made a straight shoot for the door and, don't you forget it, I hit it and was out doors and on the keen jump until I was out of gunshot. Say, a quarter horse could not have caught me. After daylight I sneaked back down by the corral and I saw old Howard and asked him if that fuss was over with."

"Oh, yes," Howard replied. "They are all asleep now. They didn't do any harm. Old Ephe got a hole through his ten dollar hat." "Say, Mr. Howard, I want two gallons of whisky in my little water keg." "Well," queried Howard, "what kind do you want? I have some at fourteen dollars per gallon and some at eighteen per gallon." "Well," I said, "Give me the best." "All right," he said, and getting my juice I strapped it on my saddle and was ready to go. Just then old Ephe came out of an old doby shanty close by and said: "You little coward, where did you go last night when we boys was having a little fun?" "Talk up to him," said Howard. "Let him know you are here and have good backing." Said I: "I don't know as it is any of your business where I went or what I went for." "All right," said Ephe, "Howard, you give that little whacker a drink and I will pay for it." So I took a drink and as soon as I could get on my pony I was gone for my bull outfit and it was after midnight when I got there. Bill was sitting up, waiting for me. I rode up and hollered "Hello!" Bill came out and took the keg, unscrewed the tap and turned it up to his lips, and I think he

held his breath for about fifteen minutes. "Oh, say, Jakey," he remarked, "that is good." He spoke this when he got his breath: "How much did she cost, Jakey?" "Thirty-six dollars." "Oh goodness," Bill replied, "I could get better than this in Georgia for forty cents a gallon." "Say, Bill," I said, "that is just what it cost me." "All right, let it go," he said, "it is almost half a month's wages. Well, Jakey, we get our money easy." "Yes, Bill, but it isn't easy to get whisky. You run the risk of your life for two gallons of whisky." "Why, Jakey," exclaimed Bill, "What happened?" "Why, there were a lot of cutthroats and gamblers and thieves and drunkards." "Say, Jakey, did you have a fuss with them?" "No, I was out of it. Say, Bill, when they began shooting I shot too, but for the door and ran like a grey hound until I got out of gunshot and I stayed until I could see, then I sneaked back and got my whisky, and you bet I started for the outfit. Say, Bill, hadn't we better take a ride tomorrow and look after the cattle?"

So, in the morning we took ponies and rifles and started out northeast. When out about ten miles from the outfit we ran across a herd of antelope and we killed two of them and threw them onto our ponies. Back to the outfit we went and dressed our game and began cooking for the evening. Oh, that sweet smell that came from the frying of that fresh meat!

"Say, Jakey, isn't this glorious?" Well, we had lots of fun but lonesome fun, only us two there, an old man and a young fool. No white man closer than eighty-five miles. Of course they were not white, only in color, but not in heart.

"Say, Bill," I said, "let us go over on Clear Creek tomorrow." "All right, I will cook some fresh meat and bacon and slap-jacks to take along," said Bill. "I am not going out again and have nothing to eat along." "All right, Bill, I will go you one if I lose."

So the next morning away we went, and that night we camped between Clear Creek and the Cashlakuda and the next day we rounded up the cattle or bulls and headed them toward home or toward the outfit.

Can the readers imagine how they would feel if they were out there alone, among coyotes, rattlesnakes, savages and cutthroats and outlaws? How often would you wish you were back

home? I often wished I was back home in old Missouri. But I never let on I was there to stay.

Well, at last spring came and Mart Scott also and enough whackers to drive the outfit in to Omaha and within five days we started for Omaha. Well, if you ever saw anybody happy it was Bill and I. When we got to Omaha I thought I would go home, but Mart said he could not spare me, he wanted me to night herd one more trip, so I agreed to go one more trip across those lonesome plains. This was in the spring of 1862 and after we got loaded up we rolled out for that long drive at the rate of eight or ten miles a day.

A part of the load was for Ft. Laramie and part for Ft. Hallock. Laramie was in Wyoming and Hallock was in Utah.

We arrived at Laramie and left part of the outfit and went on to Hallock and unloaded and returned by way of Laramie. When we got to Laramie twenty of the whackers and myself quit and the outfit and the rest of the boys went back to Omaha. Bill Skinner quit the first trip. When we got into Omaha he had to walk down the Missouri River or wait for a steamboat to St. Joe. There he would strike a railroad. There were no railroads at Omaha. And after I had quit Mart I went to whacking mules and I whacked from Laramie down to Denver, and there I saw lots of men wearing the blue uniforms that had great big brass buttons on, and I asked the boss of the outfit if he could pay me off. I said I wanted to quit. He said he could and he did so. I laid around for a couple of days and one afternoon I was in quite a crowd and I heard some one say that they wanted more men for soldiers. I jumped at that job and asked one well dressed man if he knew how a fellow could get into the army and he said "Yes, I will show you. Come with me and I will get you into the army." We went way down town and we passed saloon after saloon. At last he said: "Lad, do you ever drink?" "Yes," I said. "Well, come in and we will have a smile."

In we went and poured down two glasses. Each of which cost him one dollar. Then we went to a recruiting office where they were recruiting for the First Colorado Cavalry and they went to work at me. Examined me to see if I had ring bone or bog spavin and trotted me across a big room to see whether

I was a trotter or a pacer or a three-footer. So I filled the bill all right, all but my age and when it came to that they asked me my age and I yelled out: "I was fourteen last April." "Well we can't take you, for you are too young," they said, and heart-broken I sneaked away and the fellow who had come with me said: "Here, feller, do you want to get into the army pretty bad?" And I said, "Yes, I do," whereupon he said: "Well, you come along with me down below here. There is another recruiting office on the bank of Cherry Creek just west of the old Elephant corral." Away we went and on our way down we called in at another grog shop and had an eye-opener and by that time my fever was up to one hundred and three in the shade and on the way down to the recruiting office my friend who was getting twenty-five dollars for my scalp said to me: "Now, when they ask you your age you brace up and say 'eighteen' and you will get in all right."

My father had always taught me to never lie, but Satan and grog had control of me. I had not been under my father's eye for a long time and thought it was no harm to tell one little lie. So when the recruiting officer asked me how old I was I said: "Eighteen." Then they had me fast and there were some fellows standing by and the recruiting officer told one of them to take me down to Fort Cottonwood and turn me over to Captain Sola of Company D. Arriving at the fort I saw lots of men wearing blue uniforms, some carrying a gun and saber and revolver by their sides, and two leather boxes on their belts. These leather boxes were their ammunition wagons, which they had to carry.

Well, I got my new suit of blue with big brass buttons on it and I thought I was a little bigger than Mart Scott, my old bull boss. After I was dressed up they took me down to where they kept the guns and other accoutrements. So they fitted me out with a gun, saber, revolver and boxes which were attached to my belt, and then I had to go down to drill with the gun and next came the saber exercises for about one hour each half day.

Say, that was lots of work for me, for I got a little rest when I was on the plains. There you could do as you pleased, but a soldier could not. Well, what is a soldier? Why is there a calaboose? Doggone meeting any commissioned officer, you had

to salute him. But the non-commissioned officers stayed in quarters or tents with the privates, so you see a poor private had no chance at all, and if you went into battle and came out victorious the private did the work and the big officers got the praise.

Old Colonel Shivington was colonel of the 1st Colorado Cavalry. Winecoop was major. Old General Miles and General Croak were the commanding officers of the armies west of the Missouri River, and we had orders one afternoon to be ready to march on the following day.

But where to we did not know. "All ready!" We started southwest. All of us were filled with wonderment as to what was going to happen.

So on we went until we reached Pueblo, just north of Pike's Peak, and from Pueblo we went to old Ft. Union, New Mexico, and then on down to Patche Canyon, which canyon empties into the Rio Grande River, and when we were about half way down the canyon to our surprise we met the Johnnies and greasers and Indians.

But we met them in a way that was not pleasant at all. Just before we met them we were ordered to load and be ready for action at a moment's notice. Say, I thought we were fixing for a horse race. Well, it turned out to be a race. Later on in a short time we got orders to fire so we went to shooting and after firing a few wallops we were ordered to dismount and advance on foot.

Well, that meant going up hill business for me, as I had to carry all my accoutrements, about forty pounds of weight, and I was not used to making a pack mule of myself. After we had advanced about one fourth of a mile the enemies' fire became so heavy we could not go any further, so we kept on shooting and hiding behind rocks and using them for breastworks. This was in the morning and we held our ground until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the Johnnies charged on us.. Soon I was lying there with two holes or gun shots in my left leg and we got orders to fall back. But I could not go. Away they went and I was left there alone. But I found out later on there were more men than me that were wounded and could not retreat.

Here came the Johnnies hollering and shooting, so I thought I would turn over on my stomach and lay still.

I turned over on my stomach and as they went over me one of their horses stepped on my right leg just below the knee and broke it. I thought I was dead at that moment. But I think I screamed a little, but nobody seemed to notice it, and I was glad that they didn't.

If those greasers had known of my trouble they would have helped me out of it. I was lucky as all of them passed over me, leaving our dead boys. On they went and were gone till about ten o'clock the next day when all at once back they came.

They came back faster than they had gone the day before.

But it was quite a trial to lay there from four P. M. till the next day at 10 and you cant' imagine how a fellow feels, there alone and not within reach of any of the boys. None of the boys were closer than two rods of me. My father was of late years a Methodist minister and I had learned some of his prayers. So during the night I would pray and then I would swear, then I would cry, then I wished I was back in old Missouri.

When our boys came up, some stopped and began to care for the wounded, while the rest kept on after the Mexican devils. Our boys drove the most of the Mexicans into the Rio Grande and I heard about one-third of them were drowned. Some of the rest got across and some were taken prisoners. All of the wounded boys were put in an ambulance and on stretchers and taken to a big tent which had been fixed up for a hospital. Two members of my cavalry outfit were there helping the doctor and when the doctor came to me he said, "Why, you little devil, you will have to have your leg cut off." And Bill Dermit, one of the corporals of my company, was there, and I said: "Bill, don't you let him cut my leg off." "Well, I won't," said Bill, and when it came my turn to be butchered Bill said: "Say, Doctor, just put splints on Harmon's leg and let it go."

"All right," said the doctor, "I will, and let the little devil die; he is in good shape for it."

He put on the splints and everything was quiet once more, but there were quite a few of us restless, and chuck full of pain. Next we were taken to Fort Union, and there we stayed till we

were able to again go on duty. It was the next spring before I fully recovered.

Oh say! Those little Mexican women were dandy nurses.

They would wait on you and chat and roll your cigarettes. I wish I could have lain in that big tent till now. And when fully recovered I was sent to Bent's old fort on the Arkansas River, east of Pike's Peak. I was pretty thin but I soon got stout and hearty from eating sow belly and hard tack. We were soon ordered back to old Ft. Cottonwood.

There we stayed for a long spell and every once in a while someone would come into the fort and report about some outfit being captured by the Indians, where the men were killed and scalped and women and small children taken prisoners.

One evening at the four o'clock roll call general orders came to send at least a detachment of one hundred soldiers and wagons enough to carry thirty days' rations and three hundred rounds of ammunition to each soldier.

And take a doctor and his supply of medicine and start southeast from Denver towards the headwaters of the Republican River and also Smoky Hill River.

We started out and traveled for two days. The second day along late in the afternoon, we were going up a long slope or rise, and the wind was in our face. Just then I smelled smoke from an Indian camp fire and I said to my "bunkie," George Wiggly, "Say, George, I smell the smoke of an Indian camp."

"What was that?" said Mike Ivory. "Why, Jakie says he smells Indians." "He is sure crazy, he hasn't had his right mind since the Mexican women nursed him."

On we went to the top of the hill and down into the valley below about a mile, and we saw Indians going in all directions. We hurried up to get down where they were, but before we could get there they were all gone but one Indian.

We saw him in a draw, just a few hundred yards off, and one of the boys, Curly Hill, asked permission to go and capture him. Securing permission he started. At that time my Indian was just over a big bank that was on one side of the draw, and

Curly rode along where he had seen the Indian, but he was not there.

And as Curly was riding along the bank and being higher than the Indian he passed Mr. Indian and just then the Indian began pouring the arrows. One went through his left side and two more struck his horse before he could get out of reach of them.

About that time we all went to get Mr. Indian, but he was gone.

We then caught sight of him running out of the draw about one mile from us. So he got away with the rest of them.

They left their camping outfit and the most of their dogs with us. With the Indians all gone we felt pretty brave, when we knew there was no danger.

So as we came on this vacated Indian camp we went through the teepees, while the doctor fixed up Curly and left him in an ambulance.

Then we struck north to the South Platte River, and on going through the teepees we found buffalo robes, mocassins and squaw's dresses made of buckskin and covered over the breast with elks' teeth.

We also found some white scalps, which were not dry as yet. We got about 1,000 pounds of dried buffalo meat, which is very nice to eat.

And when we struck the Platte we started towards Denver again. But when we got to Julesburg, to old Bovee's ranch, he had all kinds of whisky and bitters, and I having two buffalo robes which I had got at the Indian camp, when the officers were not looking, I slipped my robes in the back door and traded them for a pint of whisky.

There is a lot of difference between the times of '63 and the present day.

Away we went, back to Denver, Colo., or old Ft. Cottonwood, and were there only one week, when we had orders to go again.

And on getting a guide from Pueblo by the name of Joe Bralto we were ready to travel.

This time we had orders from headquarters to go across the country to old Ft. Larnard in Kansas, on the Arkansas River, a distance of several hundred miles, and this Joe Bralto was our guide.

Joe was half Mexican and half Ogallala Sioux and a bad one at that, which you will find out in the near future. And once on the trail we had a good time hunting Indians. We would travel for two or three days and then we would lay over a day or two.

Until late one afternoon away off to our right we saw about 10 or 15 Indians.

And Lieutenant Ayers said to Joe: "What does that mean?"

"I don't know," said Joe.

This Lieutenant Ayers was First Lieutenant and he was in charge of us.

Lieutenant Phillips was second lieutenant. Our old Captain Sola was too brave to hunt Indians, so he stayed at Ft. Cottonwood.

"Say," says Joe, "If you will let about six of the boys go out with me I will go and have a talk with those Indians and find out what they want."

"All right," Joe was told. "Which of you boys will volunteer to go with Joe out to see those redskins?"

"I for one," I spoke up, and there were soon eight of us ready to go with him.

When we got down to the Indians they all said: "Howcola! Howcola!"

We stayed about one hour and Joe talked with them, but I think they were planning on how and where they could get all our scalps.

When we returned to where our boys were camped Joe told Ayers that "the Indians were camped about fifteen miles from there a little east and south," and "when we come over to their camp we would have a talk and if you and them could agree they would go down to Ft. Larnard and get lots to eat and quit killing white people."

They said there were about 1,700 people in their camp, but there were only five or six hundred warriors.

So the next morning on we went and that night we camped on a little creek of nice clear water. There was some nice timber on this stream. In the morning we moved on until the middle of the afternoon, and on coming to a nice spring of water we had passed the place where the Indians had camped, but they were not there, and when we found out that they were gone we thought there was something wrong, and sure enough there was.

"Say, Joe," says Ayers, "what do you think the Indians mean by not doing as they agreed?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Joe.

"What is the matter with you, Joe? You look like you have lost some of your best friends."

"Say, Lieutenant," said Joe, "I didn't sleep much last night."

"That's is it, then," replied the officer. "Well, I guess we will pull on for Ft. Larnard."

"Say, Lieutenant, there is a buffalo crossing down the river about four miles where we can cross. Of course we have to cross so we can go southeast to get to Larnad."

Oh! say, horror came to us that day.

Down the river we went about three or four miles and crossed over. There were sixteen of us in the advance guard and as soon as we were all across our squad galloped ahead to a position about a half mile in advance of the wagons, and the rest of the boys followed up.

Joe led us into a draw with high hills on each side and we were going along not thinking of any Indians being within 100 miles of us. This draw was about three miles long and from fifty to seventy-five yards wide.

And just as our squad got out of the head of the draw on the prairie, there lay three buffalo killed, with one half of the hide taken off and the round steak cut off of one hind quarter. Some of the boys said: "There are Indian signs." "Yes," said some of the others, "I would like to see some of the red devils."

And it wasn't two minutes till they got their wishes ful-

filled, and of all the screaming and hollering you ever heard, it was then and there.

Phillips says: "About wheel!" and of course we obeyed the order and back we went towards the wagons, right down the draw where, just a little while before we had ridden along, not thinking of fighting in such a short time.

Well, it was just like riding through a herd of Texas cattle. I sure thought the world was coming to an end and that it was near at hand.

And as I looked around I thought all the Indians had turned to some kind of a bird as all of them had a big bunch of feathers on their heads and some tied on their ponies, and on they came until they got so thick that we could not get through. Phillips said: "Boys, dismount and get behind your horses and use them for breastworks."

So we did and the redskins came thicker and thicker, and we stayed there for maybe ten minutes, when Phillips said: "Mount your horses and get to the wagons if you can."

Well, we had about four hundred yards to go.

Just as we were mounting our horses the Indians came down on us like flies on an old cow.

And just as we mounted, there was an Indian who ran a spear through my "bunky," Geo. Wiggley, and he fell off of his horse backward and we left six of our boys, eight there out of sixteen, and if you ever saw a lad scared it was me. I would have given half of my life to have been home again.

However, once at the wagons we found that a good many of the boys had been killed. So we fought there for about three hours. This was on the Smoky Hill River, which runs through Nebraska and Kansas.

Our guide, Joe Bralto, was thought to have been killed when the Indians first attacked us, or he fell with the rest of the boys. But Joe was very treacherous.

You will see later on that he was never hurt and he was not treated kindly.

After staying and fighting there for about three hours Mike Ivory, one of our sergeants, says to Ayers: "Say, Lieu-

tenant, hadn't we better get out of this draw? If we don't the redskins will kill all of us."

"Well, Sergeant," said Ayers, "I think that is good advice." So Ayers gave his command and on we started, working our way up the draw.

We progressed within fifty yards of where my bunky was and the other five. And George raised up with the assistance of one hand and hollered out: "Boys! Come and get me!" But the Indians were so thick that we had all we wanted to do to make our own escape good. We were looking after those who were able to ride and shoot, and when we were finally back on the level prairie where we first seen the buffalo we had only about half of our men left. When we passed my bunky I had seen many of our boys dead. It was a horrible sight. And George, as I last saw him, was all covered with blood, where the Indians had scalped him. And he wanted us to come and get him. After we had passed along a couple of hundred yards I was still watching him and saw an Indian knock him in the head with his tomahawk, and I said to myself: "Good by, Bunky." George Wiggley was my second bunky.

My first bunky was killed in Patche canyon, New Mexico. His name was Chas. Hepple. He was our company bugler, and a mighty fine lad.

You have often heard it related that a person could whip ten or fifteen Indians. Well, I will tell you from my own experience, and I have had more experience than I ever want to encounter again, that if you take a good repeating rifle and you get on the prairie or in some secreted place, you can stand off from ten to fifteen Indians, but if you take it in the hills or where the country is rough, one Indian is as good if not better than a white man.

Of course the Indian is as a general rule not brave, unless they are about ten to one. There are Indians here in South Dakota now on the Lower Brule reservation and the Rosebud reservation, I have been in a good many Indian fights, and will give you some of the names of Indians on these two reservations. The bravest chief that ever rode a horse was old Spotted Tail. He was a heavy set Indian and weighed about 180 pounds and was a



MY BUNKY KILLED ON SMOKY HILL.

good fighter. And everybody has heard of old Sitting Bull; he was a smart Indian and would tell his men just how to capture a Mormon train or to stampede a herd of bulls and leave the whackers on foot.

But as to his being a brave chief, all I can say is that he was not.

Another brave chief is old Spotted Horse. At the present time there is a policeman at the Lower Brule agency, and a coward as a warrior, who is called old Buck Antelope.

Another brave warrior is Crooked Foot, and also Long Pine, and old Noga, and Punca. He has only one eye, the other being shot out in Custer's massacre on the Little Big Horn, in Wyoming. It was too bad he didn't get his head shot off. All these Indians were warriors from the latter part of '62 to '65. I will mention more of these fellows later on.

Well, as one half of our force had been killed we felt pretty badly. As soon as we got out far enough from the hills to where it was level we stopped to talk things over and take in the situation. What to do we did not know; we found we were fifty-five men short, and that many horses and guns short besides four of our six mule teams, and also the grub and ammunition which had been in the wagons. It was a bad looking bunch of Indians who had done the work, and we knew not which way to go. Of course we had no guide. But we found our guide the next fall.

After we had taken a good rest on we went and along in the afternoon we came within sight of some timber and when we struck the hills along a little stream the Indians came down on us again like a swarm of bees and their sting was much greater. In crossing the stream we all took water in our canteens and on we went till we got to where it was prairie again and there we camped for the night. We found we were ten more men short in our last fight.

There we corralled what wagons we had left in a small corral and had our horses inside of the corral. There was no time for funny stories.

Well, Lieutenant Ayers was killed on the bank of the creek and then Lieutenant Phillips was in charge and we only had one sergeant and one corporal as non-commissioned officers left.

They were Sergeant Mike Ivory and Corporal Bill Dermint. Phillips said: "Sergeant, you put out a chain guard around the wagons and have each man lie down and if they see anything coming from the outside shoot without orders."

Well, that was a long night for us.

The next morning we had raw pork and hard tack. We then started on our journey once more across the plains. We traveled all forenoon over a level prairie, so we were not molested with the Indians. We were all downhearted from losing so many of our boys. We could see the Indians on both sides of us all the forenoon. We estimated them at 3,000, but there were only about 2,000 of them. I think they had reinforcements for I knew we had killed at least three hundred of them. When we stopped for dinner they stopped also.

We saw they were waiting for us to get in that rough country so they could give us another round. And there was surely a sad looking bunch of us.

Phillips says: "Boys, don't you think it is a good idea to put our grub and ammunition and the keg of whisky in four or five wagons and leave the rest of our wagons and mules right here. As we have a hilly country ahead of us we don't want any more mules and wagons than we can handle." Mike Ivory held next high officer rank under Phillips, so it was agreed.

We were to load everything we could into four wagons. Dinner over, we were started again. This being the last day the Indians followed us. When we got in the hills here came the Indians again and you would have thought they would have eaten us up alive. But they only shot our boys when they got a chance, and along late in the afternoon we had one wagon left and eight soldiers, or seven besides myself. Mike and Bill, two non-commissioned officers, were still with us. There were Mike, Bill, Rube, Jim, Husky, Snider, Markles and myself left. We were alive and that was about all you could say for us.

I suppose if I had been worth killing I would have fallen with the rest. I was only hurt a little. And I will explain to you how it happened. You see when we stopped to rest at noon I lay down under a wagon and a stray bullet came along and struck a spoke in the wagon wheel, knocking off a splinter,

and it struck me on the eye lid. You ought to have heard me yell. It was worse than the Indians. And Mike came and said: "Crazy, are you hurt?" "Yes, Mike," I said, "right in the eye." "Take down your hand, Crazy, and let me see how badly you are hurt," and on removing my hand Mike laughed: "Why, Crazy, you are not hurt at all," and on looking I saw that the blood I thought was running out of my eye was only tears.

And I took my handkerchief and in a half day or so was all right and still possess my eye.

"Well, boys, what will we do?" said Mike. He was an officer and we were supposed to obey his orders. "Well," says Bill Dermitt. "I think we had better put some more raw pork and hard tack in our saddle bags, and take all the cartridges we can carry and strike out on horseback."

"Say, Snider, you take an ax or a hammer and knock in the head of that whisky keg." We were all on hand and we were not long in filling our canteens with the precious corn juice until it ran out.

We started again and on looking behind we again saw the Indians in hot pursuit.

Well, we got on level ground once more. We made a stand for life or death and while we were standing there the Lord favored us with a surprise. It began raining pretty hard, and the Indians had mostly bows and arrows. The rain made the bow strings stretch so they could not use them.

It was impossible for them to continue fighting, so they quit us cold and of course we had no objections to their quitting, and at last night came and we camped. Mike said: "Boys, you can lay down on the ground and hold your horses; and be ready at a moment's notice to fight or to run." So there we lay all night long with no sleep. About sun up it appeared as if the sun was in the north and we were all at a stand still as to which way we wanted to go to get to Larned, and none of us knew the way. So we traveled till about noon and came to a small stream of water. We were pretty wet and chilly so we built up a fire and roasted some of our pork and hard tack and drank water to our fill.

"Say, Bill, do you know anything about the direction we would have to take to get to Larnad?" "No, Mike, I don't." "What do you say, Rube?" "I know we are here among the hills and that is all, and if we don't get out where we can get something to eat we will starve." "Say, Sergeant," I said: "I can travel any direction you want to go." "Hold on there, Crazy, you little fool, don't you suppose any of us men can tell directions as well as you can?" "Look here, Husky, if you had night herded as many nights as I have and learned the stars as I have you could travel any direction after nightfall as well as you can in the day time, if you could see the stars plainly." "What stars do you know, Crazy?" they next queried. "Well," I said, "the seven stars and the ellenyard and Job's coffin and the Big Dipper and the North Star and Evening Star and the Morning Star."

"Hold on," says Snider, "you have named more stars than there are in the heavens."

"Say, Mike," says Jim, "maybe Crazy can tell us something. Well, boys, we will all but one lay down and sleep till after dark and if it is clear so we can see the stars we will take Crazy for our new guide." "Well," I said, "Mike, what direction do you want to go?" "We want to travel southeast," he said. And when we were ready the stars shone brightly.

I showed Mike the North Star. "Now you see, we want to go right in this direction, and we will be going southeast."

"Ha! Ha!" said Bill, "Crazy is not as big a fool as he is fool looking." But the thing that troubled me most was where we were going to get something to eat. And we had a little trouble in the rough land. But we got along fine and we began to look for a suitable place to camp or spend the day, and this being the second day we were getting pretty hungry. And we had nothing to eat but hard tack and Markles only had one left.

We camped in a deep draw that day out of sight. We cracked jokes all day except what time we were asleep. We did not all of us sleep at one time, because life was too precious at that time.

"Well, Husky, how do you like life in the far West?" "Oh,

darn such a life, I believe it would have been a blessing if we had all been killed on Smoky Hill with the rest of the boys."

At sun down we were all feeling good. But we were grieving over having no more provisions, and where we were we knew not. About eight-thirty we started on again till about midnight when we stopped and grazed our horses for an hour or so; then we moved on again till the next sun. Again we camped for the day. Our horses were nearly tired out by this time, and in about an hour after we stopped Dermit saw some antelope and he made up his mind to get some, so he, with gun in hand, started towards them. They disappeared over a large hill about a half mile in the distance, but Bill was in hot pursuit of them and when he came to the top of the hill, to his surprise he saw in the distance what looked like smoke from about twenty teepees, and he came running back to where we were.

I was watching him and when I saw him running I said to the rest of the boys that I thought the Indians were after Bill, and at that the boys got their guns and we were ready for action. Just then Bill came running up and reported what he had witnessed.

You would have thought that he had used a peck of talcum powder on his face. "Say, fellows, I saw a big Indian camp down in that valley about two and a half or three miles from here, and what in the world shall we do, Mike?" "Say," says Jim McDonald, "we had better pray." Said Jim Snider: "You had better lead in prayer." McDonald said: "Jim, you shut up. This is very serious."

"Yes, I know, but cheer up, the worst is yet to come."

"I am not anxious to see the worst yet," replied Mike.

Mike said: "Crazy, you can smell Indians so you sneak up to that hill with Husky and see if you can tell how they are located."

Away galloped Husky and I and on arriving at the top of the hill we saw smoke in the far distance and we stayed there a while and again returned to camp.

On arriving Mike says: "What do you think, Crazy?"

"Well, I will tell you what I think," I said. "I think it is Ft. Larnard and we are nearly at the end of our journey."

Mike says: "What shall we do boys, do you think we had better chance it?" "Yes," said Rube, "I would just as leave be shot as starve; my stomach is so lank I am about to lose my clothes." "All right," said Mike, "We will take a chance, we will mount our horses and move on, and there is either one of two things. We will either be happy or sad." "I don't care which," said Markles.

We mounted and started again over the hill and into the valley and when we were within a half mile of the fort out came the company of the Eleventh Missouri Cavalry to meet us, thinking us to be Indians. And when they had advanced up to within a quarter of a mile of us we saw who they were and we were surely a happy bunch. Into Ft. Larnard we went. We were given quarters for our horses, then we were sent to a mess room for something to eat, and we did justice to what little grub was set before us, for the fort was short on rations.

Old Major Kelley, being commanding officer, said he was expecting thirty-six wagons of provisions for his fort, and after hearing Mike's report he said he would send a company of soldiers down the river and see what they could find out of the wagons that were on the road. So the next morning there was a company getting ready. And I said to Husky, my bunky, "Let us go with the boys," and he said if I would get permission he would go, so I asked Mike and he said we could.

So along we went with the company. We started down the Arkansas River in the direction of Ft. Riley, Kansas. We camped for dinner and as soon as it was over we started down the river and at about 4 P. M. we came in sight of the wagons and as we approached them we could see that there was no one with them, not even a mule. And as we were riding along just a little ways from the wagons, we began to find some of the teamsters who lay dead and scalped, and as soon as we could hitch our horses to the wagon wheels we began to look around in the grass, as it was very tall, and there we found one after another all of the boys that belonged to the outfit.

When we were hunting around they would holler out: "Here is another," and when we got to the hind wagon of the corral there lay one poor fellow on an old sheepskin and some of the

boys says: "Here is another under the wagon," and just then he raised himself up on his elbow and said: "But I am not dead," and to be sure it was an awful sight to see the little fellow sit up, with all the hide, hair and scalp gone off his head and covered with blood, and with eight arrows still stuck in him. We pulled out the arrows, which he was too weak to do himself, then we placed him in an ambulance. Then the doctor went to dressing his wounds and cutting the arrow points out of his flesh, and after the doctor had fixed up his head he revived and told us all about the Indians and how they came on to them and killed the outfit and drove off the mules. Well, what could we do, all the mules were gone and the harness cut to pieces. The captain in charge sent twenty-five of the boys back to Ft. Larnard for mule teams enough to haul the wagons in.

When the boys returned with mules the captain made mule whackers out of some of the soldier boys. Well, most of them made good mule whackers for they were from Missouri, as they belonged to the Eleventh Missouri Cavalry. When we again arrived at the fort our scalped boy was taken to the hospital where he received treatment until he was well.

Our squad consisting of eight men was sent up to Old Fort Lyons on the Arkansas River and from there we were sent back to old Ft. Cottonwood at Denver, Colo. There we joined our old company and new recruits were taken in till we had about ninety men and non-commissioned officers.

And we were ready for business once more. Then four companies of my regiment were sent down to Pueblo and while we were there news came in that the pony express and mail had been held up and robbed. The government offered five thousand dollars for the robbers or murderers. Well, old Kit Carson took the job of hunting the outlaws. He took some grub and ammunition and started out, and was gone four days and when he returned he had a man's and boy's head in a sack. Now the outlaw and his son had been killing and robbing people for about two years and they could never catch them. So the government offered this large reward for them dead or alive.

I will describe Kit Carson so if any of the readers of this book have ever seen him they will know whether this little state-

ment is true or not. He was a small man, about five feet eight, and would weigh about 135 pounds, dark hair, and keen black eyes, and a little hump shouldered. He was the best shot in the west.

He could discount Wild Bill or Bill Cody.

Kit had no equal in sharpshooting. After Kit got the two heads into Pueblo there was no one there that knew or could recognize old Kit's two parcels. So I was sent with a dispatch down to Ft. Lyons after old John Smith, as he had been in the west a great many years and was Indian interpreter for the government and was acquainted with Gringo and his son. I delivered my dispatch to John and he said he would be ready the next morning.

So in the morning we pulled out for Pueblo and on arriving he was told what they wanted of him. And he said, "Well, Kit, have you killed old Gringo and his son?" His reply was that "he had." "I had an awful hard time to locate him. Well, John, you know where the head of the Cross Pine Canyon is, southwest of Pueblo, 60 to 75 miles, don't you?" "Yes," said Smith.

Cross Pine Canyon was so-called because it had long pines fallen across it in tangled form, making it impossible for anyone to get across it or up it on horse back. Carson had to crawl up it about four miles, under this tangle of trees. Gringo and the boy were camped near the head under a rocky ledge, or part cave. He could not find them in surrounding country and located them by watching a buzzard soaring above them for about two hours. The buzzard was smelling their cooking and refuse of camp. Carson found \$60,000 in Gringo's camp that he never turned over to express companies. He gave old John Smith \$500 for whisky money. Also set his adopted son (Bill Drennon), up in business. Drennon was picked up in St. Louis when a boy of 12, as a street waif.

Bill Drennon was a noted Indian killer. In two years' time he killed at least seventy-five Indians. It is reported that he had a history of himself written. Last heard of he was in Montana. He was rustling cattle and horses from the Indians. Got rich.

Gringo had long, black hair and a long black beard. Dark complexioned, he was very ferocious looking. No one ever knew

where he came from. His boy was 18 or 19 years old. Had a smooth face, good looking, and had black hair.

John Smith was a government interpreter. Got \$5.00 a day, work or no work. (Booze fighter.)

To return to our story. "Well," said Kit, "that is where I found them. They were cooking supper and it was just at dusk. I made sure of the old man first. Because I thought if it came hand-to-hand with the boy I could get him anyway. But they didn't fire a shot, so you see I had everything my own way." "Well, say, Kit, where are your souvenirs?"

"They are out here in the corral. We will go and see old Gringo's smiling face." "All right, come on," and away they went to the corral, where Kit Carson pulled the two heads out of the sack.

"Say, Kit," said Smith, "you never washed their faces. And you must have had quite a fight with him from the looks of the blood. Ha! Ha! Kit!"

Smith recognized the old man and his son and Kit got part of his money then. "Say, John, come over to the Sutter store and we will take a drink on our good luck." "Sure, boy," and over they went and took one and then another and so on till they were not able to take any more. This is all I know of Kit Carson. There are lots of dime novels about Kit, but some of them are false.

There wasn't much Indian trouble now, but on the plains there was train after train of Mormons killed and scalped. We hadn't much duty to do at Pueblo and were getting fat and orders finally came one day from Miles for our four companies to go down to Ft. Lyons, and the next day we were on the march. We stayed there all winter, or the rest of the winter, and in the spring we were cut up into squads of thirty and scattered along old Ben Holliday's stage line, or overland mail route, which ran from the states through to Colorado, New Mexico, Oregon, Wyoming, Utah, California and Montana, and to all points west of the Missouri River. Old Ben had stage stations where he could change horses. They were about fifty miles apart. The thirty of us would go from one station to another as guards. We would go up with the stage one day, and back the next. The drivers

would change every 150 miles. The squad I was in had our old sergeant and the old boys. Oh, say, but we had the devil's own time. It was fine to get out and ride 50 miles.

Well, we stayed with Ben Holliday's stage till September in '64. And at that time the Indians were at their worst all through the west.

One day as we were going out with the coach about our last trip, we were nearly straight west of Ft. Lyons, about ten miles. We saw three Indians about one mile to our right, standing on a little hill. Our sergeant, Mike Ivory, halted the stage coach and soldiers and we began to hold council, whether to go on or not. We could see only those three and one of them rode out towards us and waved his blanket in the air as though he wanted somebody to come up to him. I said, "Mike, he wants some of us to come up there." "Well," said Mike, "Crazy, don't you want the job?" "I will go Mike, if you say so." "All right," replied Mike, "go right ahead. You little fool, go and get your scalp taken off, then you will be satisfied."

Away I went and as soon as I had left the coach and the Indian saw me coming, he started toward me and we met about half way from where he was to the coach. On approaching him I threw my gun down across my left arm and at the same time cocked it. When we were about twenty feet apart I said "Stop!" and I stopped my horse, and the Indian said "How*" "I don't want none of your howing," I said, "but what do you want?"

He said he didn't understand. Again I asked him what he wanted. And I guess he mistook me for a Mexican, for he said "I want to see the Comon Dentie." That is "commanding officer" in the Mexican tongue. "All right, old boy," I replied, and motioned him toward the coach and told him to hurry up. On he started, and we got there in due time. The boys were waiting on us. When we got there the sergeant asked him what he wanted. He said in English as good as he could speak "I want to see Big Chief at Ft. Lyons." "All right, Mike, turn the coach around and we will go back." And then the Indian held up two fingers and from what we could understand he wanted two Indians to go with him. The sergeant said for him to go and bring them down. So away he went out a little ways and waved

his blanket and here came a buck and a squaw, as fast as their ponies could bring them, and when they got to us we started back to the fort, and when we got there we took the pets to headquarters. To Major Winecoop we took them, as he was commanding officer at the fort. Again we started with the coach for old Fort Benton up the river, and when we returned the next day we found out they wanted to make a treaty and come into the fort and live peaceably.

Of course the fort had an interpreter in old John Smith, whom I have mentioned before. They had a long talk with this old Indian. He was a big chief of the Cheyennes. His name was One-Eye, and the young chief with him was Mininick. The young squaw with them was not his only squaw, for he had two more. After they came to an agreement with the major they were at peace.

I think it was the fourth day after they had come to the fort when we received orders that one hundred and fifty of us were to be ready to march the next noon. To where none of us knew, but we started north and east from Ft. Lyons and we traveled in that direction for three days and on the fourth day late in the afternoon all at once there were squads of Indians all around us, but at a distance. Just what it meant we didn't know, but some of the new recruits said they wished they could get within gun range. "Yes," said Jim McDonald, "you would be getting out of gun range if you could."

"Old One Eye talked with John Smith a little while and John Smith said to our Major, "Old One Eye wants to go out and tell his Indians to go home and come back tomorrow and you can talk with them."

"Well, John," says Winecoop, "you tell him he can go out and tell them and if he don't come back right away we will kill Mininick and his young squaw," and away he went and he got out to where a large squad of them were. I think he said but a few words and started back to where we were, and inside of twenty minutes you could not see an Indian anywhere. It appeared as though they had all sunk into the ground. And when One Eye returned he told our major that the soldiers would have to drive about six miles on and camp along a creek,

and that all the bucks would come in and have a big talk with Big Chief Winecoop.

The next day when they began to come in you would have thought that all the Indians from all the territories had arrived.

Of course there was a chain guard put out around our wagons and horses. We let no Indians inside, except those that old One Eye said to let in.

And we stayed there two days talking and eating. You take the Indians and they are great people to eat. They can eat more and oftener than any other nation in the world.

And at last they came to turns with the major. They, the Indians, were going to give up four white prisoners, and told us to go back about twelve miles and camp there till 11 o'clock the next day and they would bring in two prisoners to us.

So we went there and camped and the next day the Indians brought in two children, a girl and a boy. I will say right here that they looked like two Indian children as they were ragged and dirty and all painted up. Then we had to make another move and camp in a different place on a little creek. Then they were to bring in one more prisoner, and they did so. They brought in a boy about nine years old. Then we had to make another move and they were to bring in the last prisoner, which proved to be a young woman. I will give you the children's names. The little girl and little boy were brother and sister. Their names were Eubanks, and they were from Council Bluffs, Iowa. The nine-year-old boy's name was Daniel Marble, also from Council Bluffs, Iowa. Daniel Marbles and the Eubanks were cousins. Their fathers and mothers were moving west, with mule teams, and they were captured on South Platte River west of Ft. Carney by the Indians and their fathers killed and scalped right before their eyes. I will tell you more about their mothers later on.

As to the young woman whom the Indians gave to us, her name was Laura Rooper, and she was captured on the Little Blue River southeast of old Ft. Carney. Her father and uncle lived on this river in the state of Nebraska and their residence was about a mile and a half apart. One day she had been down to her uncle's, visiting, and on her way home in the evening she

was captured and put on a pony. When she was put on the pony, her feet were tied together under the pony's belly, and she was forced to ride tied fast to this pony until daybreak the next morning. Then the Indians hid in a big draw and there they tortured her almost to death with their fiendish ways. Don't think I am a lover of the Indians.

Well, after we got our fourth prisoner or when they brought in the young woman, all of the Indians came along, about eighteen hundred in all, and we started back to old Ft. Lyons.

The boy, Dan as we called him, wanted to ride behind some of the boys on their horses. My late "bunky," Husky, said: "Dan, you come and ride behind me this afternoon," and as we were riding along Dan yelled out: "Say, soldiers, there is one of my papa's mules that Indian is riding and I believe he is the Indian who cut all the hide and hair off of my papa's head and tied a rope around my mama's arms."

But at last we went into camp and on the second day I spied an Indian I thot I knew, and after getting a good look at him I found him to be Joe Bralto, the old guide who led us into the trap on Smoky Hill River. So I spied him out and I told Bill Dermit that I saw Joe Bralto out there in the Indian camp, and he said that I was crazier than ever. I said, "Bill, I can show him to you."

"Say, Mike, hear what Crazy Bill says." "What is it, Bill?" "He says he saw Joe Bralto among the Indians. You come and show me Joe, and I will give you a five dollar bill." "All right, Mike," I said, "you follow me and I will prove what I said."

So we started out and we soon came onto Joe. "There he is," I said, "on that roan pony." "By gory, that is Joe. Haven't I got a right to put a hole through his heart?" Mike's blood was sure boiling.

We returned to the ranks and took our places and that evening the eight of us old boys had a talk with the major about Joe, who once was our supposedly faithful guide, but who led us into the jaws of death, and there were now but eight of us left out of one hundred and fifteen.

How to get even with him we did not know, and on we went

to Ft. Lyons, and the eight of us were going to get Joe in our claws one way or another.

When we arrived at the Fort Major Winecoop had the Indians go into camp just below our commissary, which was one mile east of the fort, and the Indians drew government rations and went to eating and were very peaceable for about two months and they then began to have war dances and kept it up until it became a nuisance.

We worked and schemed how to get Joe and one evening Mike called me and said: "Crazy, you come out here." "All right, Mike, what do you want of me?" "Why, Captain Sola wants you to come over to his office." "Why, Mike," I said, "I haven't done anything wrong. I have not missed a roll call." "Well," said he, "that makes no difference. You go over and he will tell you what he wants you to do."

Well, when I gathered up courage enough to go over to the captain's office I did not know what was going to happen. I walked very slowly. I thought that possibly I would be sent to the guard house. But to my surprise when I got there the captain was in a very good humor and said: "Crazy, take a chair," which I did, and then he continued: "Well, Crazy, I have a very important duty for you to perform, and I want you to do it in a good, soldierly manner." Then he said, "Here is an order to the commissary for two canteens of whisky. Now you go back to your quarters and borrow them of Mike, or some one of the old boys, then put them on your shoulders, and put your overcoat over them. Then go and get them filled. Then go down to the Indian camp and hunt around till you find Joe Bralto. As you used to be a good friend of his, he will trust you. You tell him you have some whisky, and to go with you and you will divide with him. Then you come up the river towards the horse quarters and every once in a while you and him take a drink. But don't you get drunk, 'cause if you do I will put a ball and chain on you."

Well, I started and in time I found Joe all right, and appeared to be well pleased in finding him. I told him of the treasures I had hid under my overcoat. And you should have seen him. He was almost wild over the thought of whisky.

I said: "Joe, let us go up the river." He was very willing and consented. The captain had told me that when we got between the horse quarters and the river to wait there for further orders from him. But what was going to happen was a conundrum to me. Well, as we walked along every little while we would take a little nip. The captain had told me, after we had stopped, to let him have all he wanted to drink. "But don't you drink too much yourself," he had said, "for you know what I have told you, and I will do it just as sure as you get drunk."

Well, at last we reached our destination and Joe was pretty talkative, and I wasn't far behind him, but after we arrived I let Joe pour it down and soon he was dead to the world, and I rolled him over and woke him up and had him hit it up again, and again he was soon dead to the world. About midnight I was lying on my side on the ground, about half asleep, when I heard what I thought were footsteps. I thought there was a squad of guards coming. Then there came a familiar voice and it said: "Crazy, where are you?"

"Right here Mike." "Have you got Joe?" "Yes, he is right here." "All right, Crazy," and up came Mike Ivory, our old sergeant, and Bill Dermit, our old corporal, and the two non-commissioned officers who were left out of the squad at Smoky Hill. Benjamin F. Mainard, who we always called "Husky," my late bunkie, was there, and Ruben McDanniels, James McDonald, Raymond Snider and Chas. Markles. This makes the seven men who were left besides myself out of the massacre.

And as the boys approached to where Joe and I were, Rube and Jim had a good sized log on their shoulders, and Bill had a long rope in his hand. They laid the log down a while and Bill uncoiled the rope.

I said to myself, "What is going to happen?" I did not know then, but I soon found out. They picked Joe up and laid him with his back upon the log and then they took the rope and began to tie Joe fast to the log. Well, I thought that there was no use to tie him, for he was so drunk that he couldn't get away anyhow. But I thought they were tying him so they could scalp him alive. But no, when they had him secure two of the boys, Rube and Jim, pulled off their clothes, and said: "We are

ready." "All right," said Markles, "take hold there, Husky, you and Snider." They lifted the log, Indian and all, onto Rube and Jim's shoulders and they started into the Arkansas river and wadded out as far as they could, then swam the rest of the way until they reached the middle of the river and there they turned Joe Bralto loose; and he never returned again. And I guess he swam to the Happy Hunting Ground. One thing sure—he never led us into another trap. Joe was half Mexican and half Ogallala Sioux.

Now, my readers, I will tell you about Mrs. Marble and Mrs. Eubanks. Mrs. Marble hung herself the second night the Indians had her as a prisoner. I suppose she thought she would rather be dead than to be tortured by the redskins.

She stole one of the Indian's bridles and climbed upon a small tree where the Indians were camped that night and tied one of the reins around a limb and the other around her neck and then jumped off.

Late in the fall of 1864 there was seven old buck Indians who brought Mrs. Eubanks into Ft. Laramie up in Wyoming and wanted to give her up to the commanding officer of the fort providing he would give them rations to live on that coming winter. Then the commanding officer said: "Bring on your prisoner, I will give you enough to eat to last you all winter and then some. So away the old bucks went and returned down close to "Chimney Rock," which lay southeast of Ft. Laramie.

They were to return with the prisoner within four days.

So on the fourth day they came back with Mrs. Eubanks astride a pony and all painted up. She looked tired, forlorn and forsaken and on arriving to where she could see white people once more she fainted, but as soon as she had gained her senses she told how Mrs. Markles had hung herself. Also how the Indians had tortured her. A woman that the Indians captured belonged to the one who captured her; for instance, she has to be his squaw, and they will torture her until she faints away. You often hear people tell how bad the whites were to the Indians. But when they brought Mrs. Eubanks in and she told her story to the commanding officer, he looked fierce and you could see his blood boil. Then the Indians went on telling

them how good they were to bring her in to where she could live with her people. "Yes, you were awful good," he said. "It is a wonder that the devil has let you live as long as he has."

Then he told one of the boys to go down to the mess house of Company G and have the cook fix dinner for seven Indian bucks. Then as soon as the bucks were gone he ordered a squad of thirty men.

He told the cook to fix them a good dinner and all they wanted, because it was to last the Indians all winter and probably longer. There was an interpreter we called old "Slack." Well, here he came (old Slack) with the thirty soldiers. On coming in the officer said: "Take a drink, Slack." Then Slack said: "Colonel, what is the matter?" "Well, Slack," the officer replied, "you see the Indians have been acting pretty bad of late, and we have got seven of the worst old bucks here, and I am going to fix them so they won't trouble anybody else."

"Have you got your nerve with you, Slack?" "Yes, sir, and a pretty steady nerve too." "Well, take another eye-opener."

"Well, what can I use my steady nerve for, Colonel?" "Well, it is this way. I have them down there eating their winter's rations and when they get through I will have a teamster to hitch up a six-mule team to one of the big wagons and when we get down by the ford and under that big cottonwood I want you to tie a rope around every one of their necks and onto a limb and when fastened securely I will have the teamster drive out from under them and let them swing to the happy hunting ground. We will watch them kick their last. Then we will load them all in the wagon and take them over the hill and bury them in that big washout." Everything happened just as it was planned and there were then seven more good Indians.

Now those Indians who were camped out at Ft. Lyons with whom we made the treaty moved out on Sand Creek and started their depredations again. And our old colonel got tired of it and he took eight companies of our regiment and started out one morning, not telling anyone but our captain where we were going. But on we went till dark, then we camped and had supper and laid down for a peaceful night, but about midnight we were awakened and told to saddle up and mount. Of course our offi-

cers knew where we were going because we had old John Smith for a guide and there was not a better one in the west.

So away we went and at daybreak we were divided up into companies. Some of us went to the left and some to the right and some of them straight ahead. And all at once we heard shooting to our right and soon shooting started all over.

There were three companies on our right and three on our left and two in the middle and one of the left companies got into the one on our right and three on our left and two in the middle and one of the left companies got into the Indians' horses, which were about 900 in number, and away they went to Ft. Lyons.

And about that time, 9 or 10 o'clock, we commenced our business and we finished about three o'clock P. M. Well, we surely had some fun. We killed bucks, squaws, papooses and dogs, and in fact everything that had anything to do with the Indians. We killed 473 Indians right there in one pile. As we were ransacking the teepees we found a squaw's buckskin dress, which was covered with elk teeth all over the breast.

Rube said he found it first and Jim said he found it first, so they got to scuffling over the doggone thing, and in rolling around over things up jumped a big Indian and as he jumped up he drew a big butcher knife and started towards Rube and Rube started for the door with the old buck after him and Jim after the old buck with sabre in hand. The Indian got to Rube first and struck at him with his knife and caught Rube near the right shoulder and just scratched him a little clear to the hip. By this time Jim was there and one blow from his sabre dropped the Indian to the ground in the agonies of death. There were a number of us a little ways off, but we dared not shoot for fear of hitting one of our own comrades.

Well, we had the pleasure of starting 473 to the Happy Hunting Ground. That is, big and little, old and young. This was on Sand Creek, 65 miles northeast of Ft. Lyons. We had eighteen of our boys killed, who were buried on the bank of the creek. We left the Indians there to dry up and blow away, because the wolves will not eat an Indian, but they will eat a white man.

Then we returned to Ft. Lyons and took a good rest.

One day we received orders to go back to Ft. Cottonwood at Denver. We stayed there two or three weeks and were ordered to go to Ft. Collins and once there we were cut up into squads of thirty. As it happened we eight old boys all got in the same squad and Mike was put in charge again. We were stationed on Rock Creek at a stage station, where we remained for quite a while. We ran from Rock Creek to Clear Creek, a distance of 45 miles.

One day as we were laying over we saw three Indians on the side of a hill, and one of the new recruits watched them for about an hour and finally said: "Crazy, come and go with me and we will capture those red devils." I said: "Trickle, when we get up there there is likely to be 40 or 50 of them." "That is all right, Trickle," I added, "I have been where there were no Indians and inside of two minutes there would be a thousand or fifteen hundred of them." "Well, this is not the case," insisted Trickle, "there are only three of them. Can't you see them, Crazy? There are only three." "Yes," I answered, "but I really believe there must be more of them or they would not be so brave."

"I believe you are afraid to go with me, Crazy," said Trickle. "Let me tell you, J. T. Trickle, I am just as brave as you are. And if you will get Jim to go and ask Mike I will go with you."

So Trickle and Jim came back and J. T. was tickled to death. "Come, get your horse, Crazy, and let us be off."

As we started off J. T. said: "Now, we will have some fun with them if we can get them alive. We will show them how they treat white prisoners."

"Yes, J. T., but we are taking great risks of their getting us." "No," he said, "they can't get us because I can shoot them down faster than they can get up." "Look here, Trickle, you never had any experience with the redskins did you?" "No, but I have heard that one white man can take 10 or 15 Indians." "Well," I replied, "let me tell you that is a lie because here is Jim and I both of whom have had a great deal of experience along that line and we almost know." As we came near but being in speaking distance they began to say "How! Cola!"

And just about that time there came fifty strong, well mounted Indians out of a small ravine and raised the war

whoop. We wheeled and started back, J. T. going to the right and Jim and I to the left. We had to go around the mountain as it was so steep it was impossible to go straight down. I looked back and saw about twenty Indians pursuing J. T. and the rest of them after Jim and I. We had only our revolvers with us. We emptied them at first sight and had had no time to reload. We were heading straight for a creek, Jim a little in advance of me, and I was about 100 yards in advance of the Indians.

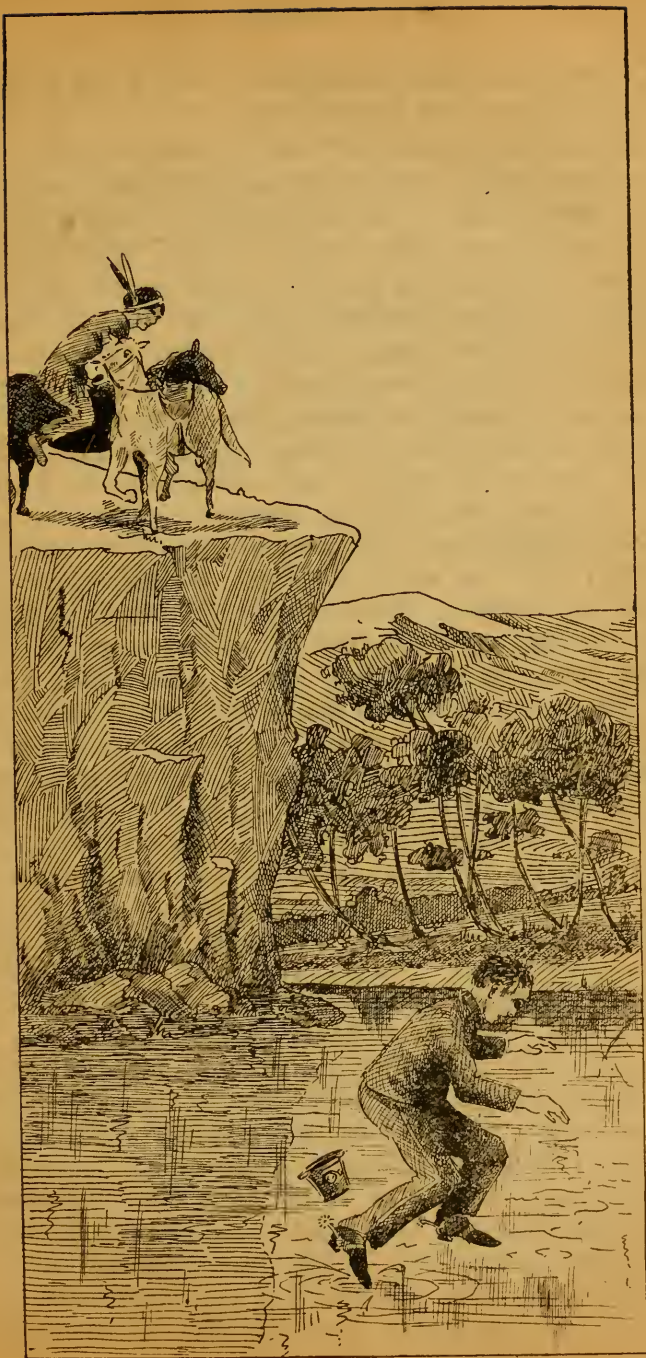
We had run a long distance by the time I struck the creek. I was about three-fourths of a mile above where the stage crossed. I was not looking for Jim, but I said: "Crazy, you save yourself." And where I struck the creek the bank was about 8 feet high.

I had no time to look for a good crossing and I said, "Go to her, Crazy," and over I went in that ice cold water, and it was about six feet deep. I drifted down about four or five rods and scrambled to the other side. There was a small bunch of willows there and an old log had lodged against them, with other trash, in time of flood. So I got behind these and hid and watched. If any of my readers have ever been in the foothills of the Rockies they will know whether the water is warm or cold, wet or dry. Well, I saw the Indians come and get my horse and saddle, which I had vacated on the other side.

If I were only back home in old Missouri. The first thing I thought of was "Home, sweet home, was never like this."

Well, I lay in the willows about a half hour, hoping Mike would send a squad up after me, but he didn't, so I came to the conclusion to pull off all my clothes, or all but my underclothes.

Well, I was in great fear of the Indians seeing me. I was very nervous and didn't know at what minute the red rascals would be taking my scalp. I crept through the bush, as I had rid myself of my duds, and came to an opening and saw my way clear. I made the station on an average of one mile per minute and was greeted well on arriving. "By gad, Crazy, you are lucky." "Yes, but where is Jim? Hasn't he got here yet?" "No," says Dermit, "the last we saw of him he was just above where you were. How did you get away? We saw the Indian



MY ESCAPE FROM INDIANS.

take your horse and bridle and saddle?" Well, I was pretty mad, and my answer was: "Sneaked away."

"Say, Husky, where did J. T. go?" "Why, the last I saw of him he was down the creek about one and a half miles and an Indian had him all right. You needn't look for him to be coming in, in his underclothes like Crazy." "Say, Mike, here comes Jim," and by that the boys were all out and as Jim was making his last quarter on his home stretch the boys began to cheer him and were still cheering him when he reached camp, and I was not the only one who was mad, because just as soon as he came in the boys got a blanket and threw it over him and began to lead him around as though he was a running horse just in from a hard race. But he jerked loose and as soon as he got his breath he said: "Boys, cut this out. You make fools out of yourselves just because a fellow gets in trouble and has to run for his life. Crazy and I have not seen any of it. We were lucky to get back with our scalps on. Where is J. T.?" "Oh," they replied, "he is in the Happy Hunting Ground without any hair." Then Mike said: "Jim, you and Crazy get on some clothes and each mount a stage horse bareback and we will take a spade and go bury your fool friend, J. T. Trickle. Jim, you and Crazy go in the room and get yourselves some more accoutrements." I don't know what Jim did with his, but I stripped mine before the cold water bath. Well, when we were all ready we led our two stage plugs (as we called them) out of the shed, we each having a blind bridle on our horses. Then the proposition of mounting those long-legged stage plugs without any saddle arose and to both of us it was a conundrum. "Crazy, give me your foot, and I will help you on." But I told him I needed both of my feet, for without them the Indians would have had my beautiful locks of curly hair by now, but, "as long as I have them and they don't refuse to obey I will show the Indians that I have got breeding if I have not got any brains." "Now you are pointing the laugh on me again," said Jim. "Get on your own darned old stage plug, and I will do the same." Then he led his horse up to the corral and mounted while one of the boys helped me on. Oh, say! Me being on that horse bareback sure brought old memories back to me about when sister Dollie and I used to get one of dad's old oak rails and put it through the fence and play teeter-totter. But

this was rougher riding by considerable. But, nevertheless, we got there all right and found J. T. Trickle with his toes and fingers cut off and he had a tomahawk sunk in his head three times and was scalped the closest of any man I ever saw. He also had three arrows in his heart. Well, we dug him a grave and picked up his fingers and toes and threw them in with his body. It was in as nice a place as I ever saw for a grave. In those days you had to have your nerve with you more than your appetite, because you had to have a cast iron stomach. It never bothered a man where he was going to eat, but it was whether he was going to get anything to eat or not,

After we left the stage station we went to Ft. Collins where we remained till 1865, when we were ordered back to Denver. Now, my dear reader, I will tell you of Denver and its occupants at that time. There were two banks, four general stores, eight saloons and two gambliig houses. All you had to do was to draw a hand, get rich quick and leave the place broke. Then on down the creek were the Elephant corrals and a few dwelling houses.

Well, as for me, only a lad as I was, I had a hankering for fifty-two card monte. So one night or late in the afternoon I began to play with \$20.00.

I had fine success and won close to \$500.00. So then I drew out and walked out and at the door I met Husky and showed him my winnings. He said: "I will tell you what I will do, Crazy, we will go over to the Progressive Hall and I will put in with you and if you have good luck and make a killing I will nudge you and you quit and we will divide stakes."

So over we went and I made another killing as he called it, and I cleared over \$400.00 there, making \$900.00 that one night.

Well, Husky and I were feeling too high toned to sleep down to the ranks that night and the two of us got a bed for \$2.50 and meals at \$1.00 each. Well, we went to roost, as we called it, but, believe me, we did not forget to take a pint to bed with us for an eye-opener. It only cost us \$2.00 in those days.

I wanted Husky to go with me up north of Denver, but he said he wouldn't because maybe some of those red devils would get a hold of us. And maybe they would give us a warm reception.

The Indians were committing a great many depredations along the Platte River. But I had learned not to hunt any Indians by this time unless I wanted trouble and I never hunted trouble. Well, after my big killing we eight old boys had a time of it for a few days. Of course we didn't get drunk, but we came mighty near it. There were the eight of us who went through the mill so often, but had never been ground yet, but I guess we had all been down (drunk).

Oysters were \$1.00 per dish, cigars 25c, whisky three for \$1.00. Of course there was a dance every evening, and of course one night we had to take in the dance. You could choose your own partner, as there were lots of girls. The dance only cost \$1.00 per set, and they were mighty short sets at that.

Well, I hung around there for one week and then we got our "honorable discharge" from the army. One night Husky said to me: "Crazy, let's buy us a horse and saddle apiece." So we did. I paid \$9.00 for my horse and \$75.00 for my saddle. Husky got employment with a bull outfit back to the states and I bade him my last "good bye" with a hearty shake. And I thought as much of Mike as I did my own father, and he cared for me as a father would his son. Now I bade the rest of the boys adieu and started north to a squaw camp. The squaw camp was where there were white fellows living with squaws as their wives. They had tents pitched close together. Had stock on range around there and several boys and girls.

Here I notice that I forgot one little incident that happened about the time we had one massacre on Sand Creek. There we captured a little over 900 horses from the Indians. We drove them to Ft. Lyons and they were steadily disappearing, so the officers put out guards around them and one nice moonlight night there were three fellows and these, while trying to get some of the horses, were captured by the soldiers. They had a preliminary hearing and our company was ordered to take them to Ft. Riley, Kansas. On our way there we went through Ft. Larnard, on the Arkansas River.

We went past the place where one year before we had found the mule train that had been captured by the Indians and all

of the occupants killed with the exception of the one who was scalped alive.

Well, we came to Ft. Riley all right and were shown our quarters and all we had to do was to care for our horses, and it is needless to say had a "high old time" as we classed it. One night Husky and I were up to the settlers' store and there were a couple of old negro women there and they were telling how their highnesses were going to have a big dance out of town about four miles the next night. And when they started away Husky said: "Say, gals, where did you say that dance was going to be?" "About four miles," she replied. "And how do you go to get there?" "Well, sah, you go out over this hill, sah, and down in de coolie and den you just follow dat dar road till you strike de big house and dar you will hear de music. Why, boss, are ye coming?" "Yes," we replied, "we will be there." "All right," she replied, "bring all de soldier boys with you."

Well, Husky and I didn't know how we were going to get our horses out unobserved because there was a strong chain guard around the horse quarters. Well, we got in the barn without any trouble or without being observed and once there we began peering through a hole, but it was so dark that it was very inconvenient to see very far. But we could see the guard walking his beat and it was about 60 yards long. So Husky suggested that we get our horses saddled and when he was at the other end we would open the door and mount and run down over the hill and once over we were out of sight of the guard. So this was planned and away we went and once over the hill we struck the well beaten trail or road as the girls termed it. We followed it about three miles, when we stopped and began to talk the situation over. We were positive in our own minds that we were in no danger of the Indians because there were a good many white people in this vicinity.

We were just discussing what to do when there was a big load of negroes coming up in a wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen. We asked them "where they were going." And their reply was: "Going to a dance, sah." We therefore mentioned the fact that that was our place of destination and they said: "All right, soldiers, come right along with us."

So in a little distance we came upon a big log house and you

could by this time see the crowd gathering. Husky and I hid our horses, thinking somebody would need a couple of good saddle horses maybe, and would take them along. We got back to our load in time to enter with them.

When we went in there were about twenty men and that many women and girls.

We asked for the proprietor and when he came to us we introduced ourselves. And as we did so he said "Laws, are you soldiers from Ft. Riley?" We added that we were.

And at about that time he yelled out to stop that music. The music stopped and then he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, here are two young soldiers from Colorado and I want them respected. And I also want ye ladies ter dance with them every time ye git a chance."

When this was said the music began again and of course we had to dance, because when one of those big fat negroes got hold of you, you had better dance to their music. Believe me, one at a time was enough, but sometimes there would be three or four after us.

There wasn't any rose water in the room, but it was on our second or third set I got a whiff of one old fellow's breath. So I told Husky and pointed out the man. And he made for him and asked him for a drink. So out they started and you can bet I wasn't three jumps behind, with slobbers running clear to my toes. He took us out behind the barn, and there he produced two pints and one of them we emptied before we left and on our way back he said: "Say, soldier boys, dar is a lot of pies and cakes in de old cupboard down cellar, and if you watch here I will go down and we will smack our lips on them." So we stayed and pretty soon back he came with pies and cakes.

Well, I must say that we had a feast and when the old fellow's spirits were working just right Husky asked him if he knew where we could get some turkeys and chickens; and he says: "Law sakes, yes, lots of them," and he took us back to the barn and showed us an old sod house and the chimney was made out of mud and sticks. The sticks were sticking out about two feet and they were covered with turkeys. Husky deemed it best to go back to the house and dance again before we made our

haul. Well, we did, then we stole to the barn and got the old fellow's pint that was left and then we got three turkeys apiece and started for Ft. Riley. On arriving there the guard halted us and we gave him the pass word and he let us in. We unsaddled and took our game to our mess. I woke up the cook and gave him a smile from the old negro's bottle, then I told him our story and asked him if he "would cook it," and his reply was: "Yes, or bust."

So he got right up and we helped him. Well, in the morning we sat down to a healthy breakfast. I took a plateful over to Captain Sola and on entering he said: "Hello, Crazy, what have you got this morning?"

"Well, Captain, it is this way, Husky and I was out to a nigger dance last night and we caught some turkeys and—" "Well look here, Crazy, you have been drinking a little, haven't you?" "Well, yes, a little, Captain." "Well, Crazy, you go back to your mess and tell your cook to burn all those feathers and entrails and all the bones. I thank you, Crazy, for this dish, because it really looks good. But be careful and do as I tell you or the next dance you will dance in the guard house." Well, back I went and we cleaned everything up in general, and about 11 A. M. up to the commanding officers' quarters we went. Soon there came orders for every company to fall out in line as they were going to look for the fellows that stole the turkeys last night.

Well, as soon as our Captain got orders he came down to us and told us to put on the worst looking and dirtiest clothing we had as we were soon to be lined up. So when the bugle sounded we all fell in line, and along came the commanding officer and the two negroes, and they came to me first. They stopped and looked at me and I could feel my face blanch, and I thought if they didn't move on my knees would give away and I would drop to the ground. They stepped on. Then they came to Husky and stopped again, and he eyed them with a smile, and they soon went on, so when they had looked all over our company the commanding officer congratulated our captain for not having any thieves in the company. We were excused again, and believe me, we neither went to any more nigger dances nor stole any more turkeys.

Now to come back to where I left off. I went to this squaw camp or Cache-la-Poudre (name of the creek) as it is now called. There I hired out to old Bill Whitcombe for \$85.00 per month. Bill Whitcombe was a full blood Frenchman. His wife was a half-breed Ogallala Sioux Indian. They lived in tents close to the creek above mentioned. They had no barns, nor corral even. He had about 4,000 head of horses and about 11,000 head of cattle, and about \$11,000 in cash.

He also had five real pretty quarter breed daughters and all of them were excellent riders. The next morning I had to go out and look after the horses and cattle and to my surprise Bill Whitcombe told me to go with the girls and Laura would be boss.

And she would tell me where to go and what to do. So when we started we rode southeast in the forenoon and there we camped for dinner and Laura was the cook. I unpacked the pack pony for her and she got dinner and we ate very heartily. Well, I didn't feel just right out there with those five quarter breeds and still they saw that I did blush a little when they would joke me a little and then they commenced to joke me in earnest. Told me that I had an awful ugly name and she said she would like to "change my name to something pretty." I didn't know what else to say so I told her I didn't care a "darn" what they called me.

"All right then," said Laura, "call him Buckskin Billy, girls. What do you say, girls?" "Oh yes, Laura, I think Buckskin Billy is such a pretty name."

"Well, Billy, you get the ponies ready and we will pull out, as we have about forty miles to ride yet this afternoon."

So when all was ready we started on and pretty soon we began to come on to some of Whitcombe's horses and cattle, and Laura showed me the brands and everything went fine that day, and the next day the girls thought they would have fun with me. Laura threw her rope over a wild bronco and he reared, plunged and pitched, until he gave out. Then Laura said: "Billy, you take the rope and wind it around your saddle horn and if the bronco goes to bucking you keep your pony's head towards the bronco and don't let him wind around you or you will have some fun."

You may well know that I was green in that line of business and just as I got ready all the fool girls gave a "whoop" and away went the wild bronco and my pony also. About that time I reached for the saddle horn and got a handful of sand, and of course the laugh was on me and when I got up and rubbed the sand out of my eyes I saw my saddle, pony, bridle and bronco about one-half mile away and all the girls stood there laughing at me and Laura said: "Never mind, Billy, that was only a little joke we played on you." "Well, darn your little jokes and common ideas. Why didn't you play this little joke out on the prairie where I could have the grass to fall on instead of this blamed sand?" "Well, Billy, you see if a bronco is in sand up to his pastern joints he can't buck so hard and he will soon give out."

They had all quit laughing except Maud and finally she made me mad and I told her "that horse would not have jumped so hard if it hadn't wanted to get away from your ugly face."

Well, after Tootle went and got my pony we rode over the hills and there Gypsy killed an antelope. Then we went down along the creek and camped for the night, after picketing our ponies.

After supper was over we sat there and talked and it appeared to me that those girls couldn't find anything to talk about except me holding a wild horse. In those days everybody carried their own bedding right along with them, but they never used feather beds.

So we had but little trouble making our beds. Next morning, breakfast over, Laura sent Gypsy and Tootle one way and Maud and Sarah the other and she and I went another. Laura said: "Girls, you had better take a lunch with you because it will be late this evening when we will get in. And remember tonight we will camp at the mouth of Willow Creek."

So Laura and I went to the mouth of Willow Creek and arrived there about a half hour before any of the rest of the girls got there and as we had the grub pony with us we were busy at supper when they arrived. Finally Tootle and Gypsy came in and then the girls commenced to unpack the bed ponies while we finished getting supper. When supper was over we were all

sitting and lounging around and Gypsy says, "Billy, how is the wild bronco?" "All right," I said and then I told them that I would bet them \$500 that I got even with them for the gol-darned foolishness, "because I tell you it is going to be stopped." "Well, Billy," says Laura, "I will make them keep still." So the rest of the girls made our beds while Laura and I talked. Gypsy and Tootle slept together and Maud and Sarah. And Laura and I slept alone. As a general rule we would sit up till about 11 P. M. and crack jokes. But the jokes were most of them cracked on me. Laura and I became chums, but not "bunkies."

The next morning Laura told Tootle and Gypsy, Maud and Sarah to go over and down Pale Creek to the bluffs. Then over on Clear Creek and up it to Friday's camp and she and I would meet them there and we would eat and then pull out and strike the Cache-La-Poudre and up that creek to home.

So we arrived home about 9 P. M. The old boss was glad to see us and we were glad to be home again. And after we had something to eat, the girls would just sit there and giggle and laugh. And finally they aroused the old man's curiosity and he said: "Girls, what is the matter? Have you had some trouble, or have you played some joke on your young partner?"

"Well, you see, papa, I caught a bronco, and I had Billy snub it to his saddle horn, and just then the girls gave a little whoop and Billy went off and got sand in his eyes. We got his pony for him and away we went on the trail again and Billy was pretty mad. But he soon got good humor again because I rode along beside him and told him some funny stories. I let him ride with Gypsy one-half day and she tried to get him to rope a buffalo calf but he wouldn't do it, and it was a pretty good thing he did not, because the old buffalo cow would have made him think it was worse than getting dumped in the sand from the bronco."

Well, we stayed at home for about three days and one evening Bill Whitcombe said to Laura, "You and Billy get in two good saddle ponies apiece and two pack ponies and load them with provisions enough to take you north to Horseshoe Bend and back to North Platte, and round up all of my stock you can find and brand the young."



CRAZY'S BEST GIRL.

So next morning we were on the trail early for Horseshoe Bend. We were gone four days that time and had fine luck on our trip. We returned home and found everything in fine shape. In this camp there were Chas. Elgin, Jack Sully, who worked for Bob Saunders, and Ben Clemore. There were also Chat. Dubrey and Wm. or Bill Whitcombe. Ben Clemore and Bob Saunders were squaw men, and Chas., Jack and myself were still single.

Along in the fall Jack said to me one evening: "Billy, I have found a camp of Utes in the mountains in the forks of Clear Creek about twelve miles from here and their ponies range down Clear Creek from where they are camped. So if you are game and want a little extra money we can run them off without any danger of getting caught.

"Well, I want to know whether it is all right or if it is a whizzer you are feeding me." "Well, it is this way, I have been up there and seen them and picked out a good trail. We can go southwest of here and strike the trail that leads to the mouth of the canyon the Indians are located in. I think I can follow the trail I picked out, and as soon as we get through the rocks we will find a little valley and we will cross that one and through another rock gully and the ponies are from one half mile to two miles beyond. You are to stay at the second gap and lay low while I run around the bunch and drive them through. I will have to go easy as the Utes are just over the hill in the next canyon and their dogs might give the alarm. And when I get even with this boulder I will shoot and you drive in behind the bunch and we will make for the plains.

I assured him I would and for him to hurry around the bunch and I would be ready. "All right," he said, "but you want to be ready to help fight Indians or stampede if it comes to that." Again I assured him I would, and when we got there I got behind the boulder and he rode on.

In the course of an hour I heard horses coming and they passed me one by one. Then I heard Jack's gun bark and out after the ponies I flew. "Be very careful how you ride," Jack said, "because if your horse falls into a ditch he might hurt you and we might have trouble."

We rode hard through the foot hills and down Clear Creek

till we were again on the plains. It was now daylight and we were not afraid of the Indians following us here because they were afraid of the Sioux Indians, so we were in pretty good spirits now. We kept on riding till at last we came to one of old Bill Holliday's stage line stations and there we satisfied our stomachs with some of Hostetter's Bitters and a good meal of crackers and bacon. And Jones, the fellow who had charge of the stage team and station, asked us a few questions and finally said: "Well, boys, you have a nice bunch of ponies there." "Yes," said Jack. "Do you want to sell any of them," asked the stage man. "Oh, I don't know," said Jack, "what do you think, Billy? Do just as you please, I don't care."

"Well, boys, I will tell you what I will do. I will give you four dollars per head for ten head, and throw in a bottle of bitters; what do you say to that?" "It is a go," said Jack. So Jones paid Jack the \$40.00 and we got our bitters and started on down the creek and met Bill Sherman. "Well, boys, you made a good haul there. Did the redskins give you much of a chase?" "No, we got this bunch like stealing candy from a kid," said Jack. "They didn't know we were in the mountains and we are not going back to tell them." "How many have you and what will you take for the bunch?" "We have got thirty-seven left. What will you give us for the bunch?"

"I will give you \$100.00." - "No, that is not enough." "Well, then, what will you take?" "What do you think they are worth, Billy?" "I will leave it to you, but I think we ought to have \$60.00 for each of us, \$120 out of the 37 head; don't you?" "Yes, I do, Billy." "Well, I will take them if you boys will run them down to the ranch and help brand them." So we did, and stayed all night with Sherman.

And early next morning we started back home and landed there about noon with about \$80.00 apiece better off. One day Whitcombe said: "Billy, how much money have you?" "I have a little over \$900.00."

"Well, Billy, you let me have about \$800.00 and I will buy you one of those mule outfits that is coming back from Salt Lake." "I can get four mules, wagon, harness and everything complete."

"All right, here is your money, now you buy good ones or none at all." "I will do that, Billy."

In a few days as Laura and I were coming in from one of our rides we saw standing on the plains four skeletons of mules. They were young, but so poor that you could have counted their ribs in their shadows.

He had got a good wagon and harness. But I was sure sick of the mules. But in a very short time they picked up in flesh and I began to feel better. So one evening Whitcombe said: "Billy, this afternoon let us hitch up your mules and drive down to old Ft. Collins." "All right," I said. "Come on, Laura, and help me run them in and hitch them up." "All right, dear," was her firm reply. When hitched up Whitcombe climbed up on the seat and I followed and away went my mules. I had handled four lines before, so I could guide them, but I could not hold them, so I let them run about two miles and then they cooled down to a walk. And when we got there I drove up in front of the store, and while I was sitting on the seat Mr. Sherman came up and said: "Say, Whitcombe, what will you take for that outfit?"

"It is not mine, Mr. Sherman, it belongs to the kid there." "What, an outfit like that belongs to a kid?" "Yes, sir," was Bill's reply. "Say, kid, what will you take for your outfit?"

"I don't believe I want to sell them now; yesterday you could have bought them pretty cheap." "I'll give you \$1200.00 for the outfit."

"They are not for sale now." "All right, sir," and he walked on down the street.

I was pretty happy then to think that I was not stuck on my deal. Well, I went back to Bill's and Bill wanted to sell Ben Clemore, Chat Dubreay, Bob Saunders, Chas. Elgin and myself a load of potatoes. For Bill had in six acres and they yielded good. So we talked the matter over and finally came to the conclusion that we would each take a load.

Bill and four of the girls commenced digging and Laura and I commenced riding again. I recall to memory one night as Jack Sully and I were talking I told him: "Now, Jack, I am going to Ft. Laramie, Wyoming, and I might stay there all winter and I

want you to see that no young buck goes to courting Laura while I am gone." "All right," replied Jack, "but what about myself?"

"Well," I retorted, "you can do as you please but I was sure you were in love with Gypsy." "Oh, darn Gypsy," said Jack, "if I could get Laura." "Well, you hadn't better try that or there will be scalping going on when redskins are absent." "All right, Billy," he said, "I will see that she waits for you."

At last our potatoes were loaded and we took a team and went down to Ft. Collins and laid in our winter's grub stake. We were paying six cents per pound for them and if we hauled them to Ft. Laramie, Wyo., we could get eighteen cents per pound. So we had to haul them 350 miles. When we got back to camp we weighed up and paid up. I had over 4,000 pounds and it cost me over \$260.00. You may think that was high for potatoes, but it was considered cheap in those days.

All ready at last, we started on our long lonesome journey across country. Laura went with me for the first day then turned back. Bob Saunders took his squaw and one child along to drive the grub wagon. Everything went lovely for the first few days and at last we reached Foot Creek late in the evening. We camped and picketed our mules about 200 yards from us on a nice bunch of grass and each of us had an extra saddle horse along in case of emergency, so we had them tied to our wagons.

After supper we all smoked and talked and they had all gone to bed but myself. I was still smoking and sitting over a pile of ashes from buffalo chips. All at once I heard a noise of hoof beats. I thought it was a buffalo herd on the stampede. So I jumped upon the wagon and grabbed my double barreled rifle and just as I alighted I heard something familiar to me that I had so often heard before, but tonight it made my hair stand on end.

It was the Indian war whoop.

I yelled to the boys: "Get up!" Whang, bang, zip, yip, and believe me or not it was hot and heavy for a long time.

There were only five of us and Bob's squaw and two children. The first thing the Indians done was to stampede our mules, but thanks to our Almighty, we had our ponies.

Well, that was once we held a council of war and fought at the same time.

"What do you think of it, Chat?" says Ben. "I'll be darned if this hain't h——l." Whang, bang! "Say, Billy, don't you wish you were back to Bill Whitcombe's with Laura now?" "You shut up," I replied, "or my next bullet will be for you, Bob."

"Say, Bob, you let your squaw talk to them and maybe she can persuade them to let us take our ponies and go providing we leave everything else." So the squaw began to talk. But the chief said: "My name is Black Dog and the whites killed my brother on Smoky Hill and I have these whites here and I am going to kill them now and scalp them." "That isn't very good news," said Bob to Chat.

So we kept on firing till about one A. M. I says to Bob: "You let your squaw run out north of here and holler for help and all the Indians will think she has got away and run to her rescue and we will hit our ponies and the high places."

"What do you think of Billy's proposition, Ben?" "Well, it will work all right, but can't we get down in the creek and go up along the bank till we get to the mountains and then they can't find us."

When we found out it was death to stay there we made up our minds to take what chance we had, however desperate.

Old Black Dog said he had only about ninety warriors and he was going to have a three days' dance over our scalps. Oh, say, I could imagine my scalp already dangling on a teepee pole along with my four companions' scalps. I would have sold my hide and tallow for a nickle if I was sure that Laura would get the five cents.

"Say, Charley, how do you like this? I have told you how we used to fight Indians."

"Well, Billy, there is no time for any foolishness for we are likely to get a lead pill any moment."

"Oh, pshaw, Charley, cheer up and be game. If we are to die we will die whether the Indians get us or not." "Well Bob, I think if you will send your squaw out north of the wagons and heller so she can make them think she has got away from us,

she will draw them from around the wagons, and we can be ready and as soon as they leave us we can scallyhoot on our ponies."

So we got all our guns reloaded and put all the ammunition in our saddle bags with a few crackers and a chunk of bacon.

Bob said: "Sousan, enocknee-enocknee." Interpreted this means "Go" in the Ogallala Sioux tongue. So she went and in less time than it takes to tell it we were gone. And when we were about a half mile off there came the Indians in hot pursuit.

And just then Charley's pony stepped into a prairie dog hole and Charley took a header. Charley being the only one of us without a saddle was riding on a blanket.

"Stop, boys!" said Chat. We all stopped, and whang! bang! the firing commenced again. Charley was up and on his pony bareback. He said: "Let my blanket go to thunder. Let's go, I am in a hurry." So on we went, firing in all directions, and pretty soon we lost the Indians because they didn't want to take the chances that we did over the rough country.

Jim said to Chat, "Do you know where we can strike the White Bluffs, so that we can get up in the mountains to Virginia Dale," which was Ben Holliday's overland stage station. "Yes, I do." "Well, then, you take the lead and let us keep up a good gait."

At daybreak we were in the White Bluffs and finally we came upon a valley where there was plenty of good water and grass. So we stopped and let our ponies rest and feed as well as ourselves. It would be good for our ponies, as well as for our stomach's sake.

Again we started on our journey, rejoicing to think we still owned our own scalps, I because I would rather have my scalp on my head than in the possession of the redskins.

We rode over mountain and valley and every once in a while we would spy a bunch of deer, a stray moose or an old elk. But we were not out on a hunt for wild game, but a place of safety.

Night came on and we camped. But there was not one in the camp that had even a blanket. So Charley and I built up a good fire and all of us laid down around the fire, using our saddles for pillows, and slept soundly till our fire burned down, then

we would rebuild our fire, and while we were rebuilding our fire Charley said he had been scalped five times while he was asleep. And at break of day we were up and on the trail again and we wandered around the hills all day as it was impossible to travel any straight direction. But Chat was all right, he knew the country just as well as an old cow knows her calf.

"Be careful there, Billy, don't you see that mountain lion lying there watching you from that rock above you, close by that little cedar?" "Oh, yes, I have got my goggles on him. Hasn't he got pretty big eyes? Say Ben, let me throw a chunk of lead at him," and just as I pulled my gun from the holster Chat said: "Hold on, Billy, you little fool, if you would wound him you would have more fun than you were looking for. It would be worse than to have a band of Indians after you. He would sure get you. We must go down this way and let him have his slumber out."

Night came and we camped again. And Chat said, "Boys, we can make the stage station by noon tomorrow." Charley and I got some wood and started a fire and we had an old fashioned supper, bacon and crackers. But no coffee. Supper over and bed time came so we took the soft side of the ground for our beds and covered ourselves with the blue skies and stars of the heavens. There was one consideration—we could keep any side warm we wished by turning that side towards the fire.

Those nights seemed long and pleasureless. Morning came and found us again on the trail.

We were traveling slowly because it was very foggy in the canyon and very difficult to keep the right trail. We went on and up until we reached the top of the mountain and once there the sun was shining brightly.

Just as we reached the top Ben said, "Here, boys, are pony tracks," and on examining them we estimated them at twenty-five and they were made by Indians.

We had come up one canyon and they went down another just opposite. "Well," said Charley, "I am really glad we missed them because my pants are tired riding bareback."

"Well, boys," said Chat, "we will get there in about one hour as it is not far from here."

Well, we arrived there in a short time and shortly after we arrived some of the boys who were staying at the station asked if we had seen any Indians upon the mountain we had just come down. Bob said: "No, we were not looking for any either, but we saw where they had gone down a canyon just opposite the one we came up."

And it was a lucky thing for us we didn't meet them. We were there but a little while and they told us that their hunter had gone out that morning. We had heard some shots up there, two or three hours before. "Well, boys, let four or five of us go up there and see if we can find him. Boone is a pretty good fellow and I would hate to see him hurt." "All right," we said, "we will go up." The boys returned with Boone tied on a horse. He had been killed and scalped and his body was stuck full of arrows. They took him down the canyon a little distance and found where the earth was about two feet deep and laid him in it and built a tomb stone of loose rock.

Of course I had my outfit all right, saddle and pony. Charley said his was all right too, because it had turned to sole leather as he had been riding bareback for a little over two days.

I'll tell you we were a pretty downhearted bunch. I had lost everything except saddle, bridle and guns, and pony. When we got to Virginia Dale we were forty miles from Bill Whitcombe's, my home as I called it then.

"Well," said Chat, about 4 P. M., "let us go home tonight. Do you think it is safe for us?" "Oh, yes. There will not be any redskins prowling around at night and there is nothing to stay here for." "Well," I said, "I don't care, but what will Laura think of me, losing everything I have." "Well," said he, "you see old Whitcombe is stuck on you and if you play your cards right you will be a big winner."

We again ate a lunch and got two pints, which cost us \$5.00, and again were ready to leave. Ben said: "Tell my women and children that I will be home tomorrow."

We left Bob's squaw with the Indians. Chas. had none, neither did I. But there was Laura, my best friend in the west.

About 3 A. M. Chat and I arrived at home and all were surprised to see us. And all got up to hear the news. And old Whit said: "Billy, you tell me all about it." I related my story and all the girls, even Gypsy, cried about my misfortune. Chat was in another part of the camp. Laura got me a bite to eat and I went to bed and I slept till about noon. And when I woke I could tell some of my awful dreams which I had while asleep.

"Oh, say, Laura," I said, "I think I will get ready and pull for my home in the states." "Look here, Billy," she replied, "you can't do it, it will be too big an undertaking for you to travel so far by your lonesome. And I can't go along with you."

"Yes, dear," I said, "it will be a lonesome trip without you. Yes, you will see me back here if I can't find a better girl."

"Well, Billy, do you think you could find a more affectionate girl than I?" "No," I replied, "Laura, you have been very kind to me and I hope you will remain so, and Charley will likely stay and you can have him to ride the range with you." "No, Billy," she replied, "I don't like Charley. He is dead stuck on Gypsy anyway. So you see I would be alone in this big world and you know I never speak to an Indian and my love is all for you, and if you leave me I will surely die."

"Say, Laura," I said, "maybe some day I shall come back and see you."

"Look here, Billy, I can't believe you ever will. You know if you get down to the states among white girls you will never come back to see your own true love."

Laura was a quarter breed you know, but I loved her just the same.

"Well, Bill," she replied, "you know my father is a white man and my mother is not a full blood Indian. I am only one-fourth Indian. We could go among white people and they would never know that there was any Indian blood in me."

"Well, Laura, I want to see your father and maybe I will stay another month." "All right," she said, "I hope you will never leave me as long as you live." "No, Laura," I said, "I am going back to the states." "No," she exclaimed, "I can not stand it for you to leave me now."

I saw Mr. Whitcombe and said: "I think I will stay with you another month if it is agreeable with you." "Well, Billy," he said, "I will give you \$85.00 per month if you want to stay."

"All right," I said, "I will stay another month at the least."

So the next day Laura and I started out on the range again. We had our grub ponies and our bed ponies with us and stayed till four or five days before my month was up and when we got home Laura said: "Papa, let Billy and I go down on Willow Creek. I think there is some colts down there that should be branded and I would rather have Billy than Maud and Gyp both."

"Well, Laura," said the old man, "you are surely in love with Billy, hain't you?"

"Well, papa, you see we have been together about eighteen months and he has been so kind to me I really do love him."

"Well," said the old man, "you and Billy can go in the morning and brand all colts and calves you can find." "All right, I am glad we can go," she said. "You see, papa, I am going to try and get him to stay with us. How would you like to keep him, papa?"

"Well," said old Whitcombe, "if he wants to stay I will give you and him a little boodle for a starter."

In the morning Laura and I again packed our ponies and started and the first day we only traveled about thirty miles where we ought to have traveled fifty, for we had business to talk about.

Laura was telling me how happy we would be with a big bunch of cattle and horses.

Bill Whitcombe was going to move to Montana soon and Laura and I could go along. Camped at last and we ate supper and soon rolled up in our blankets.

"The next morning we got an early start and it was the same old song, 'Billy, won't you stay with me and go to Montana?' " "Well, I will see later on, Laura."

My dear reader, you may see that my folks were all white people and if I got a "breed" I wouldn't have wanted to take her home. And if I had a wife I would want to take her along. You see it was hard for me to say no because I had been with her

so long and I really loved her, too. She was good looking and fair complexioned and was a lady in every respect.

We reached Willow Creek and found lots of colts and calves. We branded for six days.

We surely had all kinds of fun. Laura was kicked off twice and I got a jolter in one side that laid me up for a whole day. Next morning we went to work and finished up branding. The following day we started home and were two days getting in.

"Hello," said Whitcombe, "Well, children, how did you get along, did you find many colts and calves?" "Oh, yes," said Laura. "We got 16 colts and 41 calves." "Well, that was pretty good for a couple of kids."

Say, my troubles commenced that night, as my time was up and I was going away from the old camp.

All the girls piled on me. And for all the talking you ever heard. The run of the conversation was cattle, horses, boys, girls, marrying and me.

It was hard to tell which loved me the most that evening, as they were all trying to see which was the closest to me and to see which could kiss me most or hug me the hardest. I don't think that any of them knew very much. But they were bound to coax me to stay. However, they took the wrong way of doing it.

Laura was all right, but as to the rest I didn't care much for any of them. But you can imagine how I felt when I asked Whitcombe to settle up the next morning.

It was not only Laura that cried, but all of the girls and Whit's wife.

"Well," said Whit, "Billy, if you will stay with us I will give you 100 head of cattle and 75 head of horses and will throw in Laura and you and she can have your pick and put your own brand on them and claim them as your own," and just then Laura grabbed me around the neck and kissed me and said: "Billy, won't you stay? Because I love you with all my heart and if you leave me I shall surely die. Oh, Billy, stay with me and be mine forever."

"Well," I said, "but I must go home and see father, if he

is alive with the rest of my folks, because I have only heard from them once in these seven years since 1861."

"I was only thirteen when I left home and I am now nearly twenty."

"And," I said, "I want to see my folks at home."

"Well, Billy, will you come back?" "Well," I replied, "I will see what father says about it." "Well, Billy, papa will give you \$2,000.00 and that will pay our expenses down there and back and I think I will go with you."

I saw that I had got laughed up into a pretty mess and just how to get out was a conundrum to me.

"Well," I said, "I can lie myself out, and here goes."

"Laura, I have made up my mind that I will come back as soon as I can go and see my folks."

"Good Billy, kiss me for that welcome answer, because you know I love you all the more for it."

"Well, you girls get my things together and I will start day after tomorrow sure."

It would have been pleasing to any of my readers to have been there just then. To have seen those girls playing around me; they acted as though their spirits had turned into rejoicing and on the morning appointed to start I started, and here were all the girls with their ponies, ready to go. "Say, girls, are you going along?" "Yes," says Gyp, "we are going to the states with you."

"All right," I said.

Old Whit and his squaw came out and bid me good bye and he said: "Now, Bill, just as soon as you come back I will give you and Laura a good bunch of money besides the cattle and horses." "Good bye, Bill, good bye." "Good bye, old boss," I replied, "Good bye to all." And away the girls and I went. We rode southeast until we struck the South Platte and there we camped and we stayed up pretty near all night and had a jolly old time. The next morning I started on my journey and, much to my surprise, the girls started home. And after I had gone about two miles I was so lonesome I could hardly keep from crying. Just then my pony jumped and looked around

and I heard Laura yell: "Hello, Billy, I am going with you on your lonesome journey." "All right Laura, we will be chums together." "Oh, I am only going for one or two days. Well, I can hardly let go of you, but I suppose I must, and you must promise me you will return as soon as possible."

Well, of all the nonsense we talked about, words cannot express it. Then, another thing, I shall not tell the particulars—it was too good to give away.

At last night came and we camped, and two sorrowful hearts were we. "Hell, Laura, cheer up, because there is no one around to cheer us up as you may well know." "I know, Billy, but I've got a 'hunch' that you are never coming back." "Yes, I am, Laura, I could not leave you this way."

So the night wore on and daylight came and Laura rode with me some few miles that morning and then we stopped. Then the first thought came that she was going to leave me and I would never see her again. And as these thoughts came into my mind it filled my heart with a bitter pang and brought tears into my eyes. "Billy, I hate to see you go because I fear I shall never see you again." I again assured her she would, and so she kissed me my last good bye and we parted with our eyes both streaming with tears. My heart was low within me as I camped that night alone. My mind turned back to Laura and my heart ached for her.

Next morning I awoke with the same dull feeling and trotted off across the plains and through the sage brush without eating a morsel to strengthen me and keep up my courage. Poor Laura had to ride home by herself. "Good bye to Laura. Whitcombe, good bye forever." And thus I camped for dinner. After dinner I rode till I came to Jack Morrow's ranch on the south side of the South Platte River and while I was at Jack's ranch I went broke gambling. I then went to North Platte City and inquired for a job at a hotel and received the same at sixty-five dollars per month of Mr. Boise, who was proprietor. They had thirty-one boarders and I had all the cooking to do and dishes to wash and wait table. The boarders were all men with the exception of Mrs. Boise. It was here that I made the acquaintance of Bill Cody, later known as Buffalo Bill. He was kill-

ing meat, or furnishing meat such as buffalo, antelope, deer, etc., for his board there that winter. This incident was in the winter of 1867. That was the year the Union Pacific railroad started through there and Platte City was an awful tough place. There was gambling running full tilt and then there was a prize fight between Bill Gardner and Fitz Gearly. Fitz knocked Gardner out in the ninth round. Most everybody was drunk and fighting and when the fight was over everybody was drunk and shooting and cutting.

Jack Sully, or John McCarthy, was there that winter. His home was in St. Paul, Minn. He also ran away in 1860, being fifteen years old, and he came to St. Joe, Mo. and hired out to whack mules to Denver, Colorado. There he received his nickname Sully.

"Wild Bill" (Wm. Hickok) was also in Platte City that winter. He was as you all know a noted scout and champion Indian fighter. "Wild Bill" was game and square. Had no bravado. He never hunted trouble, but anyone who was hunting it need not look further. He was always willing to drop a quarrel if the other fellow was. He was killed later in Deadwood, S. D. He was shot in the back by a person whose name has slipped my memory.

"Wild Bill" is buried in the Deadwood cemetery, with only a roadway between him and his noted companion, "Calamity Jane," the greatest woman Indian scout ever in North America.

"Calamity Jane" was large and portly, with golden hair, and was good looking. Before she went into business she was a scout in protecting wagon trains operating from Chamberlain, S. D., to the Black Hills, on the Black Hills trail. She was beloved by the common people and died rich, worth about \$20,000.00. She ran a large sporting house in the Black Hills and made all kinds of money, but would and did give freely to all in trouble, men, women or children, or to any philanthropic movement for the benefit of society in that locality. She donated to the churches of all denominations.

To return to my story. I left Platte City in the spring of 1868 and went to my home in Davis County, Missouri, at Gallatin, where I had left a mere lad, and returned a grown man to find

all my people living but none recognized me. They all supposed I was dead and in my grave. But when at last they recognized me there were tears flowing down every cheek in the house, even mine.

I found everything so changed that it never seemed like home to me after that. I stayed at home till in the latter part of May and then I went to Jones County, Iowa. There was where my mother's people lived and I saw all her sisters and brothers. Then I freighted down to Black Hawk county, Iowa. There I became acquainted with a young lady, Martha A. Harmon, my cousin, whom I wedded shortly after our acquaintance. We raised a family of ten children—five girls and five boys.

William M. Harmon, born May 1st, 1869.

Harvey E. Harmon, born Sept. 23, 1870.

Henry F. Harmon, born Feb. 29, 1872.

Rosamondhurtle Harmon, born Dec. 19, 1873.

Hannah C. Harmon, born Sept. 1st, 1875.

Clarrissia V. Harmon, born Mar. 9, 1877.

Leroy C. Harmon, born Jan. 10, 1879.

Nellie M. Harmon, born Sept. 7, 1880.

Elsie J. Harmon, born Apr. 18, 1882.

Joseph N. Harmon, born Nov. 11, 1883.

After we were married we left Iowa and went to Missouri, from Missouri back to Iowa, from Iowa to Nebraska, from Nebraska back to Missouri, back to Iowa and from Iowa to South Dakota. Then we went back to Nebraska. Then back to South Dakota and at this writing I am in Alberta, Canada.

I lived in Lyman County, South Dakota, for several years, and there are a few little incidents there which I will rehearse. I crossed the Missouri River at Chamberlain. I had a one horse buggy. From Chamberlain to Oacoma, it is about four miles and it took me between five and six hours to make the trip as it was raining and the gumbo stuck to the wheels and I had to walk and carry a stick to punch the mud out from between the wheels because if you did not they would soon roll up and lock. But if you will only stick to Lyman County when it is dry it will stick to you when it is wet. When I came to Lyman County in the early days it was very thinly settled. At that time Chas.

Kinzy was county auditor and his salary was \$90.00 per year, and J. T. Bartine was county judge. Then he started a little law office in Gladstone, or Oacoma as it is now called. Then he was elected county attorney and he used all his power to rid the county of her lawlessness. But just as he was getting nicely set up in business somebody made a sneak on him and burned his office with all his books, which were probably worth about \$400.00. But he didn't lay down at that; he started out again prosecuting thieves and rustlers.

He won great fame in Lyman County and today he is state senator.

Another is Peter B. Dirks. He was our county treasurer during the hard times and at that time when he was treasurer he had a homestead and I don't believe he could have raised \$100.00. But he crawled till he could walk and he had a good lot of sense in that old German head of his. He is now well off and has \$100,000.00 to loan on good security.

Henry Juliff was our county sheriff and he was pretty busy up to the time Jack Sully, my old pal, was killed. While Jack Sully was living the U. S. sheriffs would be after him for rustling while somebody else would be running off stock and Jack would get the blame of it. There is more than one man in that county who got well fixed through other people's names.

There were the Nelson boys, who brought cattle and horses into the country in early days and stayed by it and today they are claimed to be the largest land owners west of the Missouri River besides being engaged in the banking business.

Olaf Nelson is now president of the First Trust & Savings Bank of Sioux City and is counted as one of Sioux City's most substantial business men. Nels, Carl and Albert Nelson are now operating a prosperous ranch in Tripp County, South Dakota.

Then there was John Dillin, who made considerable wealth there and now he is a retail dealer in a general store in Kennebec.

Once there was an Indian who got into trouble with John and he told John he was going to kill him. John just walked away from the Indian and home, the Indian following him, mak-

ing threats, and pretty soon it got old to John and Mr. Indian never made any more threats.

Pity he didn't clean up on more of them.

Another man who made good there was Frank A. Martin. He started in a little hardware store there in Oacoma, but he stayed by it and in a few years he had a large hardware store. Then he built a big general store alongside the hardware. At last a fire took possession and laid his stores to the ground. Now he is in the real estate and loan business in Sioux City. Another old timer was I. N. Auld. When he arrived in Lyman County he had considerable wealth in the line of stock. He had two hens, one rooster, one pig, one calf, but no dog. Also had a wife and two children. He is also a lawyer and one of South Dakota's best criminal lawyers. Today he is considered rich.

J. R. Pickett and Claud Van Horn were sheriffs during Jack Sully's day and both rendered good service to their country.

Oh, say, the people used to have big times during circuit court. Judge F. B. Smith was judge. He would order the jury called and he would come up from Mitchell and probably the first case would be a horse rustling deal and was an arrest for grand larceny, and the fun commenced. They would fill the jury box and the attorney would begin to examine the jurymen one by one. Out of the twelve you might find one who didn't have an expressed opinion or didn't have an interest in the thieves or in the stake. It was almost impossible to convict a white man; but let an Indian come up and see how quick he would be tried and sent to Sioux Falls. There wasn't a man on the jury who had ever heard of any Indian stealing in those days.

If a man had plenty of money he was all right. He would either carry his law suit up to a higher court or if he was convicted he would give bonds for an appeal, then he would cash up to his bondsmen and run away or be reported dead. I had thirteen head of horses stolen myself and it was one of my neighbors who did it. But I was glad to even hold out on a neighbor.

It was not Jack Sully that did all the crooked work.

Jack married King Kade's wife after King's death. He raised a family, giving them all a good education. And they are all ladies and gentlemen in every respect. I am pretty well ac-

quainted with some of the old cards that were played when settlers were few. I will just mention "Langford of the 3 Bars." But the party that wrote that book lived or worked in Oacoma and nobody or very few knew who wrote it.

In 1881 there was a flood of the Missouri River that nearly flooded Vermillion off the face of the earth. I was working for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. as lineman, but we were laid off on account of high water then. There was twenty miles of water in width and everybody was making skiffs to rescue the people from the bottoms and it fell on James W. Franks and myself to go down the bottom about seven miles on a skiff and see if a family by the name of Tom Gunns were all right. We had a jug in the boat or skiff and we had some trouble getting there but at last we arrived and Tom and his two boys were sitting straddle of the comb of the house and he had nailed 2x4's from rafter to rafter wide enough for his wife to lay upon and by her side lay a two-day-old baby. They were all wrapped up in quilts and looked comfortable. And when he saw us coming he hollered and clapped his hands for joy. We landed our boat about half way up to the roof and there being a hole cut into the roof we got the woman and baby out and wrapped her up in our overcoats and some quilts and laid her in the bottom of our boat and then got them and the two boys in. Then we pulled out for Elk Point and when we were about fifty rods away from the house it went down in a heap and old Tom yelled and hollered and cried like a child to think that he and his family had escaped a horrible watery grave. When we arrived in Elk Point safe and sound we found about eighty people in the town hall and none of them had any clothes on except their night clothing and the good people of Elk Point furnished all necessary clothing for the flood stricken people. There was only one man drowned. He was found six miles west of Elk Point.-

In 1892 I was living on White River in Lyman County, S. D., and at the time I was the owner of some fine horses and some cattle and 160 acres of land. I was living on a small bottom of land along the river and the 12th day of February, 1892, the ice in the river broke up and it being up the river from where I lived about twenty miles it came down in a rush and got so thick and heavy that it gorged about one mile up the river from

my house and when the gorge broke it came down and swept everything there away. There were two of my sons-in-law at my place at the time, Frank O'Connor and Frank Schooler, and I said: "Boys, hadn't we better get the families and stock out on the hill for when that gorge breaks it will clean this bottom. And they made light of what I was saying. At last as we were standing and watching it it broke and here came water and ice and the boys hitched up to a wagon with a hayrack on and Frank O'Connor drove up to the door and we loaded on the folks and I got Ma's feather bed and the other beds and the family Bible, then O'Connor drove for the hill, while Frank Schooler went to getting the horses out of the barn. I saved one trunk, one feather bed and two pillows, and by the time we had them loaded the water was eight inches deep all around the two houses. After we got to the hill and unloaded Frank Schooler returned to the house and got some bedding and some grub and was not over twenty minutes at it and when he returned to the hill the water was midway on his horses. We saved seven hogs out of eighteen head. We had a granary with 900 bushels of oats and a crib of corn with about eleven hundred bushels and the water picked up both granaries and strewed oats and corn for four miles down the river. I had a chicken house built out of logs and it was notched down at the corners and spiked and we had about a hundred chickens and ten turkeys and four geese and as the water began to raise the fowls began to fly upon the top of the chicken house and at last the water raised the chicken house bodily and away went chicken house and all and they floated about four miles down the river and lodged in some timber. Three days afterwards we were hunting in the ice for some corn for the hogs and the water having gone down it left the ice piled up. So I found my chicken house and fifty chickens and ten turkeys and one goose.

Anybody who has met a genuine cowboy or cowgirl will find that he or she is a gentleman or lady in every respect. There was a cowgirl up on White River in Southwestern Dakota. One day while out riding after cattle she ran onto a large gray wolf and her horse being a fast one she stuck her spurs in him and started at full speed after the wolf, uncoiling her lasso as she ran. She overhauled the wolf in about three miles and being

swift with her rope she caught him the second throw and she snubbed the lasso to the horn of her saddle and dragged him over the hills till the life was about out of him, then she made the lasso fast to her saddle and killed the wolf with the butt of her quirt.

There were lots of girls who could rope a steer and throw and hog tie and brand them just as well as a genuine cowboy. Now, some folks think women and girls are no account. But you give a girl or a woman the same chance as a man and there are some women who will discount their own husbands and a girl will make her lover ashamed of himself. Some men think a woman isn't fit for anything except to stay in the house and do the cooking and washing and ironing and to take care of the bawling little brats, while the hubby goes out in the shade and sits down and smokes his cigar or pipe. Man's work is from sun up to sun down. Women's work is from four in the morning till four the next morning.

Now Lyman County, S. D., in the early days of its history had many cow and horse rustlers. In that and adjoining counties it was a general rule with all stock men to turn everything loose in the spring, then have a general round up in the fall of the same year, and all have heard of men who came out west with nine cows and in the fall when they rounded up the same man had forty-seven calves, and this same man brought five good brood mares and when the stock men had the horse round up this man had twenty-seven colts to brand. South Dakota is an awfully good country for stock to increase. Now rustling don't count. But the increase of stock means increase of money and increase of money means increase in rustling. I have lost a great many horses and cattle, but don't say that they were a total loss.

SONG BY WHISTLING DICK

I am a good bull whacker and I whack the Denver line,
And I can whip the son-of-a-gun
That yoked that bull of mine.
And if he don't unyoke him you bet your boots
I will try to floor him with an ox bow.

ROOT, YOU HOG, OR DIE!

When we get our loads and out upon the road

A very awkward team and a very heavy load,
Have to whoop, whip and holler
And swear a little on the sly—
Come down on them heavy, boys.

ROOT, YOU HOG, OR DIE!

It's every day at noon there's something for to do,
If nothing else a bull for to shoe,
Three ropes to throw him down, and nine
Men to make him lie
While we drive on the shoes, boys.

ROOT, YOU HOG, OR DIE!

O, maybe you like to know what we have to eat,
A little bit of bread and a little bit of meat
And a little bit of coffee and sugar on the sly.
That's good for us bull whackers.

ROOT, YOU HOG, OR DIE!

We arrived in Denver on the second day of June,
The people were surprised to see us there so soon,
But we are good bull whackers and we know
The road is nigh—come on them heavy, boys.

ROOT, YOU HOG, OR DIE!

A short sketch of some of the desperadoes of Southwestern South Dakota will be interesting.

There was an island located about twenty-five miles south of Chamberlain, on the Missouri River, which was called Phelps Island. Now, this island was covered with large cottonwood trees and among the large timber were cedars growing up which made a dense forest. This island was inhabited by Phelps and Schrader and Matt. Mattson and Cristena Mattson, a sister to Matt. Now, Phelps wanted possession of the whole island and Matt. and Cristena owned a part of the island, so Phelps thought that by getting rid of Matt. he could buy Cristena out and he would come into full possession of the whole island, and then he and his pals could have a good hiding place for stolen cattle and horses. So Phelps hired Shrader to kill Matt. Mattson. You will see later that Cristena was a good and loyal sister. Phelps was a murderer himself. He killed a United States soldier in the mountains and broke jail and made his escape and after-

wards killed a friendly Indian in Wyoming and then skulked back to the island where he was safe. He was a full blooded outlaw.

Now, the Missouri River is a big stream and at the upper end of the island the river divided and one half ran around on the east side and the other half ran on the west side of the island. The island was about one and a half miles wide and about three and a half miles long. Phelps and his pals used to run a bunch of horses or cattle on to this island. They would make the stock swim the river and they would hide the stock until they would get a chance to take them to some distant market.

Frank Phelps was a man five feet eight inches high, with dark hazel eyes and dark mustache and hair. At the time of the murder Matt. Mattson was sitting on the doorstep washing his feet preparatory to going to bed, it being in the summer, and while Matt. was washing his feet Schrader was concealed in a bunch of small cedars which were only a few rods from the door. As quick as Matt was shot he fell backwards into the house and Cristena, his sister, saw and realized what had happened. She jumped and grabbed her brother back into the house and he was nearly dead. There was no one on the ranch, only a small boy, about 10 or 12 years old. His name was George McDonald. After she woke George and had him dressed Cristena barred the door and got all the guns there were on the ranch and she and George went upstairs and having plenty of ammunition she kept on firing a gun about every twenty minutes out of the windows. The object was to keep up the firing all night to make the outlaws think she had reinforcements. At daybreak the next morning Cristena asked little George if he would be afraid to cross and go down the west bank of the river to Mr. Knowles and he said he could go and get Mr. Knowles. Cristena said: "George, you tell Mr. Knowles that somebody shot Matt and I want him to get somebody and come here at once." Just at the break of day George started, it being about 8 miles to Knowles', and then there was no one on the island except Cristena and her dead brother. There were hills, gullies and gulches and an awful brushy little lot of wood. Little George had an awful rough road to travel at this time. There were wild animals of all kinds. But brave little George went just the same and brought back

Mr. Knowles and several other cow men. They searched the island from one end to the other for two days in hopes of either finding Phelps or Shrader, but could not find either of them. They were both gone, no one knew where, and there was no one left on the island but Cristena and George and Matt, the dead brother. Matt was given a decent burial. Phelps and Shrader were hunted down and arrested and Shrader took the whole thing on his own shoulders and acknowledged he shot Matt so as to let Phelps come into full power on the island, and then he could run things to suit himself. He was sentenced to life imprisonment. Phelps was taken to Alexandria east of Mitchell and died in jail and was brought back to Mitchell and buried there. Cristena lives in Kimball, S. D., and George McDonald is a stockman in southwest South Dakota. This is the outline of the history of Phelps Island on the Missouri River between Chamberlain and Yankton. The island is now owned by Mr. Lime Somers and his loving little wife and daughter.

A secret society or band of thieves at the forks of the White River had their headquarters there at a lonely store which was run for a blind. In this gang was a shrewd little lady with black hair and black eyes and as smart as a whip. All plans for stealing were directed by her and their thieving brought terror to the pioneer stockmen.

A sketch of Oacoma, S. D., April 22, in the indictment of Joseph Demarschi, a halfblood Indian, for cattle rustling and the action of Judge Carland of Sioux Falls last week in holding him for trial at Deadwood next month brought to light a remarkable story of the formation of an unrevealed thieving society in which this little black eyed woman played. This Circle Society, as it was known, was known all over, all stockmen dreaded them. I was personally acquainted with those parties of whom I speak. They were bound into a regular blackhand society, operating systematically and were so secret that anyone might be at one of their meetings and would not know what was going on.

This happened in southwestern South Dakota. The Circle Society held their monthly meetings either at the store or at Demarschi's ranch. The officers of the society were Myer Winter, president; David Colomb, vice president; Mrs. Myer Winter, treasurer and Joseph Demarschi, secretary. Myer Winter

and wife left the country and went to Arkansas and the rest of the Circle Society are either in prison or awaiting trial.

Now, my readers, you may think that there are some big stories in this book, but they are all facts and anyone having any of my writings will need to but ask me in person and I will answer any question that they may ask me in regard to any article written in this book and any person buying one of my books and who thinks he didn't get the worth of his money can return the book and get his money back.

JACOB C. HARMON,
Consart Postoffice,
Alta., Canada.

In the winter of 1863 I was a sentinel on guard and orders were to let no one outside or inside of the guard line unless they gave the proper pass word. There was a lieutenant of Co. B., of the 11th Missouri Cavalry who went out in the afternoon and did not return until after night and he came to my post where I was on chain guard and I halted him and told him to advance and give the countersign. He advanced and said he belonged to Co. B., the 11th Missouri Cavalry and wanted to go to his quarters. "I can't," I said, "unless you give me the countersign."

"I have no countersign."

"Well, then, you holler for the sergeant of the guard."

"I won't do that, for I am your superior."

So he stayed there until the guard relief came up and he had one of his feet frozen so badly that he had to have two of his toes cut off. There being only my company of my regiment there I was brought up before Major Kelley, the commanding officer, and was court martialed and got three months, ball and chain, in the guard house, for doing my duty according to the military regulations. So you see a private has no chance when he goes up against the big fellows.

On Sand Creek at the time of the massacre Husky, my bunky, (B. F. Manard), slipped around a teepee and killed a buck

Indian who was standing in the door of the teepee shooting with a bow and arrow and as Husky was leaving the old squaw picked up the bow and arrow and sent an arrow through the thick part of Husky's leg. He pulled it through, turned and shot her dead with his revolver.



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